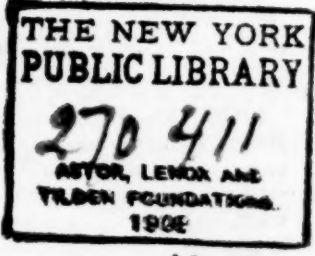


971

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JANUARY, 1840.



Embellishments:

1902
PORTRAIT OF CHARLES XII.: on Steel BY DICK AFTER HERRING.
SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES: on Wood BY CHILDS.

Contents :	Page.
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, Etc.....	2
CHARLES XII., WINNER OF THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES, 1839.....	3
THE DEATH OF MEDOC: BY THE EDITOR.....	3
ANOTHER REMEDY FOR BOTS IN HORSES.....	6
SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES: BY DR. MILLER.....	7
FIRE ISLAND ANA: BY "J. CYPRESS, JR.".....	11
THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS": BY "PENDLETON".....	16
A WOLF-HUNT ON THE WARWICK HILLS: BY "FRANK FORESTER".....	17
HOW TO BUY A HORSE. No. VII. BY AN AMATEUR.....	25
THE OPINIONS AND EXPLOITS OF TOM TRIGOR: BY "BEN BULLIT".....	33
PRICE OF STALLIONS—PRIAM, TRANBY, ETC.: BY "J.".....	42
THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS: BY A SPORTSMAN.....	45
TURF REGISTER.....	47
ADDITION TO THE STOCK OF WILLIAM GIBBONS, ESQ.....	47
CONTINUATION OF THE STOCK OF W. R. AND M. R. SMITH.....	48
STOCK OF DAVID D. SCHAMP, ESQ.....	47
STOCK OF R. C. HILLIARD, ESQ.....	48
PEDIGREE OF NITOCRIS.....	"
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1839. RACES AT	
BROAD ROCK, VA., FAIRFIELD COURSE.....	49
COLUMBUS, GA.....	"
RALEIGH, N. C.....	"
FULTON, S. C.....	50
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.....	"
OXFORD, N. C.....	51
CYNTHIANA, KY.....	"
LIVINGSTON, ALA.....	52
HARRISON COUNTY, IND.....	"
GREENVILLE, S. C.....	"
MECKLENBURG, VA.....	53
FRANKFORT, KY.....	"
MOSCOW, KY.....	54
BEANS' STATION, TENN.....	"
GREENSBORO', ALA.....	54
COLUMBIA, TENN.....	55
ST. LOUIS, MO.....	56
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.....	"
CAMPBELL'S STATION, TENN.....	57
SULPHUR SPRING, KY.....	"
LITTLE ROCK, ARKS.....	"
COLUMBUS, MISS.....	58
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.....	"
FLORENCE, ALA.....	"
COLUMBIA, S. C.....	59
TUSCUMBIA, ALA.....	"
OPELOUSAS, LA.....	60
FAIRFIELD, VA.....	"
ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, 1839. RACES AT	
NEWTON.....	38
CURRAGH JUNE MEETING.....	40

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Original Portraits in oil, by Troye, De Lattre, and others, of distinguished Native Horses, etc., have been obtained by the Editor during a recent visit to the West and South, engravings from which will appear in future numbers of the "Register."

The next number of the "Register" will be embellished with Two Engravings, one of which is a portrait of *Wacousta*, the property of Henry Dickinson and Hugh Kirkman, Esqrs., of Nashville, Tenn.

A capital article from "B. C." reached us just as the last "form" of this month's impression was going to press. It will of course appear in our next.

The pedigrees of K. & D.'s and J. D. N.'s stock will be published in the February number.

We should be particularly obliged to gentlemen fond of the Chase or the Road, as well as the Turf, if they would send us an occasional letter, containing an account of the sport enjoyed in their several sections of the country—just such information, in short, as one sportsman would write to another who might happen to be absent. Let the writer, in fact, consider us as that absent sportsman, and address us with the same easy, unrestrained confidence, that they would if the letter were for private perusal. Fine writing is our abomination. If people would only be content to write as they talk, they have no idea how much better their papers would read than the stiff formal things they produce when writing professedly for publication. With sportsmen, however, the idea of fine writing is preposterous. The fingers grasp the pen but awkwardly, after holding a rod, or carrying a gun, or handling the reins all day; yet still twenty minutes devoted to the narration of a day's good sport, might cheer the heart of many an absent friend.

The "Mémorial of Janette" will probably appear in our next.

Gentlemen desirous of purchasing Blood Stock, can hear of several very valuable lots, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Editor of the "Turf Register."

Postscript.

MONDAY, Dec. 30th, 1839.

The Editor begs to apprise his readers that the contemplated match between *Boston* and *Wagner*, will not be consummated probably, the latter having been taken to New Orleans. It is doubtful, however, whether *Boston* will be withdrawn from the Turf.

Col. Hampton's Imp. mare *Emily*, has given way in training, and will be bred to Imp. Monarch next season. This spirited breeder and Turfman has purchased Col. Johnson's interest (one half) in *Fanny*, the half-sister to *Wagner*, for \$3500.

At the Metairie Course Races, New Orleans, which commenced on the 11th December, *Grey Medoc* won the purses for two and three mile heats. On the Four-mile-day, Mr. Tayloe's imported mare *Maria Black*, beat Billy Townes and Sthreshly, in 8:01-7:47, after a splendid contest with the former for the second heat.

Col. Bingham's Leviathan filly *Sarah Bladen*, beat Sir Ariss, the Four-mile-day at Natchez, on the 15th November.

It is thought that neither *The Queen* nor *Balie Peyton* will be trained next season.

The names of *Ruby*, *Penelope*, and *Milliner*, have been claimed. Also those of *Queen of Spades*, *Pantalette*, *Tournure*, *Ruffle*, *Robert Emmett*, and *Lena*.

Mr. Singleton's imported fillies have arrived in safety at Charleston, in the barque "Grace."

Imp. *Felt* will make his next season on Long Island.

Shark, own brother to *Black* and *Bay Maria*, has arrived at Mr. Blackburn's stable, in Kentucky, where he will make his next season.

CHARLES XII.

WINNER OF THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES, 1839.

OUR readers are presented this month with a very striking likeness of the gallant winner of the last St. Leger, from the burin of Dick. The previous number of this work contained his pedigree, and a description of the race, in which, it will be recollected, His Swedish Majesty ran a dead heat with Euclid.

Charles XII. has started but three times; his first performance was at Liverpool, where he won the Trade Cup, carrying 6st. 6lbs. (90lbs.), beating a strong field, which included St. Bennett, Epirus, Cowboy, Lanercost, Compensation, and several others. He next ran for and won the St. Leger Stakes of one hundred and seven subscribers, at 50 sovs. each, beating a field of fourteen, comprising Euclid, The Provost, Bloomsbury, Dragsman, Bolus, The Corsair, The Lord Mayor, Dolphin, Hillus, etc. Two days afterwards he won The Cup, value 400 gs., beating Somerset, Bee's-wing, and Compensation.

Charles XII. is a brown colt, about 15 hands and an inch in height, with the eye and step of a gazelle. He is certainly a horse of much power, being round ribbed, and having long quarters, with strong thighs and large hocks. His head and neck are thought to be the worst points about him.

THE DEATH OF MEDOC.

THE painful duty devolves upon us of recording the death of the most popular native stallion in America. Medoc is dead! The sad event is more to be deplored, when taken in connection with the fact that the very last number of this magazine announced the untimely and still more sudden death of Mingo. Two of the most celebrated sons of Eclipse have thus been cut off in the prime of life, in the midst of a career which promised to realize the most ardent aspirations of their "troops of friends." Both had distinguished themselves on the Turf and in the breeding stud; the death of each was the result of accident; and both died, within a few miles of each other, in the same month.

On the 22d of October last, Medoc broke his near fore leg about half way between the knee and elbow, from stepping into a pit while taking his exercise, at the residence of Col. William Buford, near Frankfort, Ky. Of the means employed for his recovery, we

have spoken in another article in this number of the "Register." We saw him the second day after the accident occurred, and cheerfully bear witness to the fact that every attention and assistance which humanity could prompt or experience dictate, was extended to him. At intervals, strong hopes were entertained of his recovery; but the swelling from the fractured limb at length reached his chest and neck, and he expired on the evening of the 25th of November, in the tenth year of his age.

Medoc was bred by James Bathgate, Esq., of West Farms, Westchester County, N. Y., opposite Long Island, and foaled in the Spring of 1829. A complete memoir of him, from the pen of John C. Stevens, Esq., of this city, may be found at page 341, vol. v., of this magazine. He came out on the Turf in the Spring of 1832, and made his debut at Poughkeepsie, where he won a stake of \$1900, at two mile heats, with great ease. Mr. Stevens became his owner immediately after this race, and in the Fall ran him at Baltimore, in a stake of \$500 each subscription, two mile heats; which he won, as he did his first, at two heats. The following Spring he was again taken to Baltimore, and in a stake for 4 yr. olds, \$500 each subscription, four mile heats, he *won at four heats*, beating Anvil, a half-brother to Picton, the renowned Florida, and Mr. Botts' nomination by Gohanna; Medoc winning the third and fourth heats, and distancing the two horses last named in the third. After this race, Medoc was again trained with the celebrated Black Maria and O'Kelly, with a view of making a Southern campaign. Before they left Long Island, Mr. S. gave Black Maria and Medoc a two mile trial with their shoes on, over the Union Course; he carried 95½ lbs., instead of 104 lbs. (the weight on this course for 4 yr. olds), and she, instead of 123 lbs., carried 116 lbs. Medoc came to the post in 3:52, the course being in bad order at the time, beating the mare sixty yards. A fortnight after this trial, Black Maria, with her weight up (123 lbs.), ran over the same course her second heat of four miles with Alice Grey (whom Medoc beat in his first race), in 7:50. The previous Fall, in a two mile trial with the celebrated Screamer, "without their *pumps* on," Medoc beat her fifty or sixty yards, in 3:52, over the Union Course. After the trial with Black Maria, spoken of above, Mr. S. took Medoc and the mare to Baltimore: the passage across Chesapeake Bay was accompanied with violent rain, and on their arrival they were put into stables which had been lately occupied by distempered horses; as soon as this was discovered, they were removed to others, which, however, leaked so badly the horses' blankets were wet through. These and other causes, materially affected the condition of both. Black Maria was not started at all, and Medoc was beaten easily by Orange Boy, in 6:10—6:11, the only race in which he was unsuccessful. On returning to Long Island, Mr. S. entered him for the purse of \$400, three mile heats, against a very strong field, consisting of Miss Mattie, Celeste, Ironette, Mr. Gibbons' Sir Charles, and Mr. Laird's and Mr. Vanderbilt's Henry colts, both 4 yr. olds. Celeste won the 1st heat in 5:51, Medoc and Ironette not running for it. In the 2d,

which Ironette won in 5:52, Medoc by a bad start lost 50 or 60 yards. In the 3d heat, he took the track and led from end to end, winning the heat in 5:47, and distancing all the field but Ironette, who could only put him up, in the 4th heat, to 5:59, Medoc winning handily.

This was Medoc's last appearance on the Turf, where, in the short space of eighteen months, he had won over \$6000 in purses and stakes; having lost but a single race, and that when acknowledged to be amiss. Mr. Stevens sold him, after the close of the campaign, to go to Kentucky, for \$10,000, which was deemed at the time a very high price for the most distinguished horses; yet at the period of his death, Medoc was earning nearly that amount every year in the stud. The order from Kentucky was to "buy the very finest horse in the North," and when Mr. S. priced those in his stable, putting down Medoc at \$10,000, he had no idea of disposing of him, and would have gladly cancelled the sale.

Medoc made his first season, that of 1834, at Col. Buford's, in Woodford County, at \$75; up to the period of his death he occupied the same stable, and his terms were neither lessened nor increased. The first of his get that started, was a winner; we refer to Medoca, who came out in her two year old form, and beat a field of four, at mile heats, in 1:56—2:00, over a heavy course. Since his 3 yr. olds came out, there is not a race field in Kentucky that has not been made remarkable by their performances.

In 1838, when his first colts were 3 yrs. old, of eighteen that started, no less than fourteen of them were winners! Maria Duke won at four mile heats; Picayune, at three mile heats, in 5:57—5:55—5:54; and Curculia, Medoca, and George Kenner, at two mile heats, the latter in 3:49—3:52. Robinson, Mary Morris, Sthreshly, Jenny Willing, Margaret Carter, and others, were winners at mile heats, some of them twice; and Maria Duke ran three heats in the unprecedented time of 1:48 each heat! Indeed, his colts that were trained performed so well their first season, and his stock generally were so promising, that seven of his get sold for the immense sum of Twenty-three Thousand Five Hundred Dollars! Maria Duke sold for \$8000; Curculia, for \$5000; Medoca, for \$3000; Sthreshly, for \$2500; Picayune and Robinson, for \$2000 each, etc. In regard to the dams of the fourteen colts referred to as winners, it is no less strange than true, that, with the exception of two, not one of them ever produced a race-horse before; and indeed the dam of Curculia was the only one that had any reputation as a brood mare.

The list of winners, so far as known, during the year just past, will show Medoc to have been altogether the most successful native stallion in the country. His get, the oldest being but 4 yrs. old, won three times at Four mile heats, six times at Three mile heats, fifteen times at Two mile heats, and twenty-one times at Mile heats. When the list is perfected, the number of his winners will probably be still greater. One of his get, Musedora, made last Spring the best race at four mile heats, which at that time had ever been run in Kentucky, having beaten, in 7:50—7:58, a strong

field, comprising Mercer, Kavanagh, Ben Dudley, and Tarlton. Another of his winners at four mile heats, is Cub, that we saw win a two mile race in 3:45½—3:44, pulling to a crack field all the way in from the head of the quarter stretch; she might have cantered home. After the race (at Louisville,) two spirited Turfmen of Louisiana offered \$5000 cash for her, and were refused. The gentlemen referred to (the Messrs. Kenner,) are the owners of Grey Medoc, one of the most promising 4 yr. olds in the Southwest. He won last season twice at mile heats, three times at two mile heats, and twice at three mile heats; one of his two mile races he won in 3:45—3:55, and another in 3:48—3:56. The mails within the last week have brought us the intelligence that on the first of the three New Orleans meetings which come off in succession, commencing on the 11th December, Grey Medoc won at two mile heats, and five days after, at three mile heats.

Among the most distinguished of Medoc's winners last year, were Musedora, Laura, and Cub, at Four mile heats; Charlie Naylor, Grey Medoc, Mary Morris, and Curculia, at Three mile heats; Sthreshly, Laura, Vertner, Medoca, Kenawha, Telamon, and Luda, at Two mile heats; and Margaret Carter, Minstrel, Sweet Home, Robinson, Ripple, Ashland, and Red Morocco, at Mile heats. For many a year no horse has been able to show such a number of winners from untried mares; and from the shape and blood-like appearance of his yearlings and two year olds, we hazard the expression of our belief that high as Medoc ranked in the scale of native stallions, the time has not yet arrived when the value of his services in the stud will be fully estimated. His stock is almost invariably characterized by great symmetry of proportions, with fine limbs, and coats like satin: they have a remarkable turn of speed, and, what is better, they promise to go the distance and to train on.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR BOTS IN HORSES.

JACKSON, LA., August 25th, 1839.

W. T. PORTER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I have been an attentive reader of the "Turf Register" for six years, during which period I have seen many (I have no doubt) valuable remedies offered in its pages for the cure of Bots in horses, a disease which is probably as fatal to horseflesh as any other in the southwest. But, Sir, as "some things can be done as well as others," permit me to suggest a simple remedy, which I think has not before been presented to the public through the medium of either of your Journals, and which, as far as my experience and observation goes, is as certain as it is simple. I mean the common sage of the garden,

boiled down to a strong tea, and given, a quart at a drench, at intervals of fifteen minutes. About one gallon effects a cure, unless the Bots have eaten through the maw. If you think the above article merits an insertion in the "Register," your readers are welcome to it.

A CORN PLANTER.

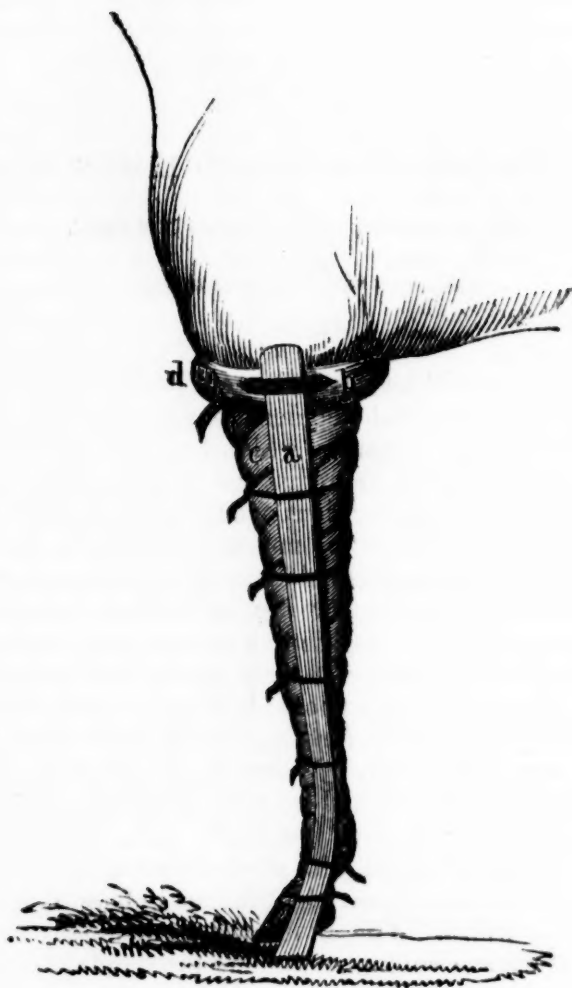
SPLINT USED FOR FRACTURED LIMBS OF HORSES,

BY DR. MILLER, OF WASHINGTON CITY.

Accompanied with a Drawing.

IN detailing to an old and experienced Turfman of Washington, some weeks since, the sad accident that had occurred to *Medoc*, in Kentucky, and the measures which had been taken for his recovery, he at once remarked, that "if they continue to sling him the horse will die!" The accident occurred on the 22d of October, and on the 25th of the following month he died, the swelling from the fractured limb having extended to his chest and neck. We saw the horse a few hours after the melancholy occurrence, and found him slung in such a position as to be able to bear his weight on one fore-leg, or to relieve it by swaying back and shifting his weight upon a canvass sling of about eighteen inches in width, placed under his chest. His near fore-leg was broken about half way between the knee and elbow. When we saw him, about thirty-six hours after the accident, he had become quiet, though evidently in great pain. His leg was first bandaged with stout dry canvass, sewed tight, and then lapped with carded cotton, over which were placed white oak splints about eight inches in length, and from one to two inches in width. The limb was occasionally bathed with tepid water, of course without removing the bandages, and subsequently with camphor. Up to near the period of his death, his friends were sanguine the horse would recover; but he expired on the evening of the 25th of November, in his tenth year, leaving behind him the reputation of a brilliant racer, and one of the most successful stallions of his day.

In the course of a long conversation with our Washington friend referred to at the commencement of this article, he mentioned to us several remarkable cures, effected by an *Iron Splint*, used by Dr. MILLER of that city, in his practice. It occurred to us, that a drawing and description of it circulated in these pages might, haply, be instrumental in many instances, of preserving the life of that noble animal to which mankind are more or less indebted for a great portion of their gratification and enjoyment; and on making the suggestion, our friend readily acceded to it, and kindly furnished the drawing from which the engraving on the opposite



page has been made. The drawing was accompanied with the following characteristic letter, the only drawback to the interest of which, is its brevity:—

“WASHINGTON, December 14th, 1839.

“*Mr. Porter*,—I send you a drawing of the Splint used by Doctor MILLER, of this city, in fractured limbs of horses. This kind of Splint has been used, I believe, in more cases than one, and with perfect success.

“There must be two Splints, one on the inside, the other on the outside, as in the drawing; and both to be firmly secured to the cushion which embraces the thigh. Both the Splints must be padded on the side next the horse's leg, and made to fit the shape of the thigh, hock, leg, and fet-lock joint.



"Iron Splints would be best, because they can be made to fit better, and would cost less.

"For the fore-leg, the cushion may be made to rest, part on the swell at the elbow, and part on the chest; and if the Splints are made of iron, it is an easy matter to have a joint in them at the knee. Any country blacksmith could make them, and fit them, by having a horse of the same size at his shop door.

"The object intended to be accomplished by using this Splint is to throw the weight on the cushion above, and therefore the Splint ought not to be too much confined below the fracture.

"G."

Since we received the foregoing letter, we have seen, in the "Franklin Farmer," published at Frankfort, Ky., a communication

addressed to its editor, upon the "*Treatment of Broken Limbs of Horses*," which we have great pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers:—

"DEAR SIR: Being a great lover of stock, and deriving more pleasure by contributing to that part of animated nature that cannot make its wants known to man, than from any other source, and learning through your paper that *Medoc* has met with a misfortune that may prove fatal, I have thought fit to give you the result of my experience in a parallel case that occurred to a Jack last spring. I feel much hesitation in doing this, being well apprized that *Medoc* is in the neighborhood of as good surgical aid as can be procured in the West; but as cures are frequently the *result* of accident, as well as the *effect* of mature thought and experience, a tyro in the profession may be pardoned for suggesting his opinions *even* to the sage. But to my case—

"The left fore-arm was fractured transversely, about five inches above the knee joint: the *bone betwixt this fracture and the knee, was split down to the joint*, so that, in reality, there were two fractures, communicating with each other. The first thing done, was to suspend him, for the reason that it had been the practice heretofore; but close attention soon satisfied me that my animal was very uncomfortable and restless. Although I knew the fractured parts could be kept better fitted to each other by keeping him suspended, than they could be if he were permitted to touch the ground, I determined to make the experiment, for the following reasons:—The pressure upon his lungs affected his breathing very much, and upon his bowels produced great costiveness. However, after turning him loose, I soon found the limb swinging about whenever he moved, and quite crooked when he touched the ground. It immediately occurred to me, that something more than ordinary bandages must be applied. I made a bandage of strong domestic cotton, about two inches wide, long enough to reach from the ankle to the body, and back to the ankle joint—spread it from end to end with thick tar—applied it carefully, so that every time it went round the limb it would lap half the width upon the previous turn of the bandage: I then had some cotton nicely carded and laid betwixt two pieces of the same domestic, wide enough to wrap round the limb, extending from the knee joint to the elbow, so as to encompass the whole of the fractured limb—quilted carefully—running the rows of stitches about an inch from each other, for the purpose of keeping the cotton permanent; this was also spread with tar, and laid over the first bandage. I then made some white oak splints, about an inch wide, long enough to extend from the knee to the elbow, quilted them betwixt two layers of domestic, wide enough to go round the whole of the previous dressing; this was likewise spread with tar and laid on, and the whole secured with strong tape, sewed to the domestic. This dressing was continued for eight weeks, without being touched except to tighten the tapes as the swelling receded, and my patient recovered with very little deformity.

"After the whole is applied, be *certain* to examine and see that

the cushion betwixt the first bandage and the splints is wide enough to prevent the ends of the splints from coming in contact with the limb, otherwise they will irritate the skin and keep him restless. In Medoc's case, the dressing should extend only from the knee to the ancle. If you think the above suggestions could be of any service to this splendid horse, or to any other unfortunate quadruped, you may give them a place in your valuable paper; if not, lay them by with other such stuff, that I have no doubt you are frequently plagued with.

TENNESSEE FARMER."

FIRE ISLAND ANA.*

BY J. CYPRESS, JR.

IT was during an Indian summer week of hearty, brown October, that Oliver Paul, Ned Locus, and I, once made a shooting party, and drove Ned's sorrel mares to Jim Smith's, at Scio, and thence bent canvass for the Fire Islands, to try the brant.

Before going on with my story, it may, perhaps, be dutiful in me, and desirable on behalf of people who have never studied geography, to specify the condition of the said islands. We will accomplish this cheerful office, straightway. In brief, then, they made their first appearance in the country, after a hard earthquake, some five or six hundred years ago, on the southern coast of Matowacs, latitude forty degrees and forty minutes north; longitude, seventy-three degrees and one minute west; near the occidental end of Raccoon Beach. They are two in number, and contain in the whole, at low water, about fifty acres of marsh and mud, disposed with irregular and careless grace, and scalloped into jutting points and circling bays. The principal inhabitants are gulls and meadow-hens. The climate is saline and salubrious. The chief products of the soil are, sedge-grass, birds' eggs, and clams. Yet, not unknown to "human face divine," nor ignorant of the lofty enterprise and gentle mercies of trade, do those points and bays lie profitless. For, there John Alibi salutes the fading morning star, and the coming sun, with the heavy volleys of his yet cherished flint-lock muskets; and the tumbling wild-fowl splashing into the midst of his stool, bleed out their murdered lives, while he, reloading, counts the profits of his eager shot, and sees, with his mind's eye, the gasping victims already picked, and stalled in Fulton market. Hence, live and flourish, all the little Alibis; and hence, the princess widow, gentle mistress of the soil, rejoices in a welcome revenue.

Brother sportsmen, let me introduce to your judicious affection, my friend and comrade, Oliver Paul.—Oliver, the people. He is

* PRIVATE NOTE TO THE EDITORS.—"Good sirs: I cannot deny you the right to require a declaration of the identities of the place, and persons, touching which I have heretofore told familiar anecdotes in your monthly; since, you say, scandal is afloat, and the wrong men are pointed at. I give you, therefore, herewith, part of the andro-and-geography solicited. Should you hear any thing more, please address me, through the post-office, to the care of my uncle, Jeremiah Cypress, porter of the Pearl-street Bank.

"Respectfully,

"J. C. JR."

a plain unpretending tiller, and a lord, moreover, of the land: a Quaker, you see—regular Hicksite—and like all *friends* that I ever yet knew, he is sometimes wet, and sometimes dry. Still, he is *semper idem*—always the same—and has been such for fifty years—in hot, and in cold—in total abstinence, and in generous imbibition. As Oliver is warm-hearted, I love him; as he is a good shot, I honor him; and as he can pull a discreet oar, foretell, to a certainty, where the wind is going to be on the morrow, and mark down a crippled bird more truly than any man in the republic, I always get him to go with me upon my shooting expeditions. Oliver has but few eccentric qualities. His religion is as the religion of Hicksites “in general:” his philosophy is comprised in the sententious apothegm, which is applied upon all occasions and occurrences, “some pork will boil that way:” his morals—; he is a bachelor, and though of a most unmatrimonial composition, he is incessantly talking of taking a wife, or, as he terms it, “flying in” with a woman. Though from principle, and the rules of his creed, opposed to both national and individual wars, yet, strike him, and he will not turn to you his other cheek, for a repetition of the temptation. He *may* not strike back, but (as they do at yearly meeting, when *friends* cannot agree upon the choice of a clerk,) he will most certainly *shove* you, as he would say, “like rotten.” His most characteristic trait is his superintendence of the morals and manners of his neighbors. So bountiful is his benevolence, that to protect the reputation of a friend, he scruples not to unlace and scarify his own. Walk out with him, and meet a ruddy-cheeked Rosina with a coquettish eye, that puts the very devil into you, “don’t look, don’t look, boys,” he’ll cry, and dig his elbows into your side, to enforce obedience to the precept, while he himself is staring into her face, until the morning-tint vermilion of her virgin blushes is lost in the scarlet—and—and—confusion—and—somebody finish that;—and then, he’ll drain the last drop of liquor from the jug, for the sole, charitable purpose of preserving his brother sportsman’s nerves steady. You know him now, and I have nothing more to say, except to warn you, as a friend, if you should ever be out with him in the bay, on a cold November day, on short allowance, watch your fluids.

Ned Locus.—Ned is a young gentleman, who spends his money, and shoots, and fishes, and tells tough yarns, for a living. His uncle manages his estate; for although Ned is now of age, yet he don’t want to deprive the old man of the commissions; and, besides, ever since Ned got his bachelor’s diploma, he has forgotten his Greek and Trigonometry, without which, no man can be an executor. Ned, although not strictly pious, delights not in things of this world. Mere terrestrial axioms know no lodgement in his confidence. His meditations and labors are in another sphere, an universe of his own creation. And yet, he believes himself to be a plain, practical, matter-of-fact man; one who has no fancy, who never tells his dreams for truth, nor adds a single bird or fish in the story of the sum total of his successes. There is no design, upon his part, in the choice of his place of existence, or the de-

scription of his sensations and actions. The fault, if any, lies in his original composition; his father and mother are to be blamed for it, not he. His eyes and ears are not as the eyes and ears of other men, and, truly, so is not his tongue. There is an investiture of unearthliness about every thing he sees and hears. By day and by night, he is contemplating a constant mirage. He never admired a woman on account of her having flesh, blood, bosom, lips, and such things; but, while he gazed, he worshipped some fairy incarnation, that enveloped and adorned her with unearthly grace and hypercelestial sweetnesses. Even in his reading he is an original. He never gives to a fine passage in Shakspeare its ordinary interpretation; but the brilliant light of the poet's thought, is crooked, and thrown off, and sometimes made a caricature rainbow of, by the refraction of his cloudy imagination. His aunt sent him, one new-year's day, when he was at college, an old copy of the Septuagint, which she had picked up at the auction sale of the effects of a demised ecclesiastic. On receiving the present, he wrote upon the fly-leaf, what he considered to be the apposite sentiments of Mark Antony—

"Let but the commons hear this testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read;"—

That was Ned, all over. With such a constitution, it is quite possible that he may seem, to those men who always want the actual proof of a thing, chapter and verse, to be rather given to romance. Ned hates such people. So do I. They are without faith, earth-bound, and live by sense alone, grossly.

I am—I don't know what I am, exactly. I'm a distant relative of Ned,—a blossom off one of the poor branches of the family. I "expect" I'm a kind of a loafer. I'm Ned's friend, and he's mine. I'm his moralist, and minister, and tiger, and kind of tutor; and he lends me money. I certainly intend to repay him;—though I don't owe him much now, by-the-by, for I have won all the bets we have made lately, as might naturally be presumed—Ned always bets so wildly. We keep along pretty square. Ned's a good fellow. If I only say, "Ned, I'm rather short to-day, how are you?" he'll give me a draft on his uncle for a cool hundred. We play picquet, too, now and then, and cassino, and all-fours, a little. I can beat him at those games. I keep my account with the Tea-water Pump. I *have* thought of getting into some kind of business—I think I am calculated for it; but my affection for Ned will not permit me to leave him. We were both "licked" by Joe Nelson (the blind schoolmaster), and hectored by his twin-headed understrapper; and we were classmates in old Columbia, and put into practice the doctrines of forces, and action and reaction, at Robinson's, during intermission hours, and were always together. So we ride about and take our comfort.

There was one eminent qualification, which was possessed by each of the trio above outlined, in monopoly without statute. We could each cut down a leather-head, flying by a point of marsh before a strong north-wester, sixty yards off, nineteen times out of twenty. That is a fact; and there are not many men beside us

and John Verity, and Raynor Rock, who are up to that performance. Uncle Ben Raynor could do it once, and Dan thinks he can do it now; but, as Peter Probasco says, "I have my doubts." Multitudinous sportsmen may shoot *well*, but none but a man of true genius can shoot *splendidly*. Shooting, in its refinement and glory, is not an acquired art. A man must be a born shot, as much as he must be a born poet. You may learn to wing-break a starved pigeon, sprung out of a trap, fifteen or twenty yards off; but to stop a cock in a thick brake, where you can see him only with the eye of faith,—or to kill a vigorous coot, cutting the keen air, at daybreak, at the rate of three miles a minute,—requires an eye, and a hand, and a heart, which science cannot manufacture. The doctrine of Pliny, the naturalist, contained in his chapter on black ducks, is correct beyond a question. "*Legere et scribere, est pædagogî; sed optime collineare, est Dei.*" Reading and writing are inflicted by schoolmasters; but a crack shot is the work of God. "Them's my sentiments," as Peter again says.

The same doctrine has been truly declared of angling. No genuine piscator ever tabernacled at Fireplace, or Stump-pond, who could not exhibit proofs of great natural delicacy, and strength of apprehension—I mean of "things in general," including fish. But the "*vis vivida animi*," the "*os magna sonans*," the "*manus mentis*," the divine rapture of the seduction of a trout, how few have known the apotheosis! The creative power of genius can make a feather-fly live, and move, and have being; and a wisely-stricken fish gives up the ghost in transports. That puts me in mind of a story of Ned Locus. Ned swears that he once threw a fly so far, and delicately, and suspendedly, that just as it was dropping upon the water, after lying a moment in the scarcely-moving air, as though it knew no law of gravity, it actually took life and wings, and would have flown away, but that an old four-pounder, seeing it start, sprang and jumped at it, full a foot out of his element, and changed the course of the insect's travel, from the upper air to the bottom of his throat. That is one of Ned's, and I do not guarantee it; but such a thing might be. Insects are called into being in a variety of mysterious ways, as all the world knows: for instance, the animalculæ that appear in the neighborhood of departed horses; and, as Ned says, if death can create life, what is the reason a smart man can't? Good fishermen are generally great lawyers: *ecce signa*, Patrick Henry, and Daniel Webster. I have known this rule, however, to have exceptions. But the true sportsman is always, at least, a man of genius, and an honest man. I have either read or heard some one say, and I am sure it is the fact, that there never was an instance of a sincere lover of a dog, gun, and rod, being sent to bridewell or penitentiary. Jails they did whilom affect, before John Doe and Richard Roe were banished from the State, and when an unhappy devil might be held to bail to answer for his misfortunes; but although they have experienced much affliction under the issue of "*non assumpsit*," never was there one who suffered judgment upon the finding of a jury on the plea of "not guilty." If I were governor,

and knew a case, I would exert the pardoning power without making any inquiry. I should determine, without waiting to hear a single fact, that the man was convicted by means of perjury. There is a plain reason for all this. A genuine sportsman must possess a combination of virtues, which will fill him so full that no room can be left for sin to squeeze in. He must be an early riser (to be which is the beginning of all virtue), ambitious, temperate, prudent, patient of toil, fatigue, and disappointment, courageous, watchful, intent upon his business, always ready, confident, cool, kind to his dog, civil to the girls, and courteous to his brother sportsmen. Hold up.

This discourse hath brought us in front of the fishing-hut of Raynor Rock, near the lighthouse on the beach. Rest thee, now, most weary reader, (for we have had a long sail, with a head wind and a wet sheet,) while I rehearse the causes that have brought Sir Raynor, and his crew of twenty picked boys—picked up along shore—down to this desolate spot. Streaked bass and wild fowl are the motives of their sojournment. The former are sparkling in the surf, and making love to, and eating up each other; the latter cluster in the inlets, and stream above the breakers. The net carries into captivity them of the sea; powder and shot superinduce widowhood and orphanage upon the tenants of the air. Fulton market, and the cooks of the board of aldermen know the rest. Hence arise wise ordinances, and stomachs sleek; and Raynor and the boys are glad in the silver music that rings in their pressed-down pockets. "*Proba merx facile emptorem invenit.*"

We arrived at Raynor's, just about dark, and the boys had all turned in, to get a good nap, before the tide served for drawing the seine,—all but Raynor, who was half sitting, half lying on the plentiful straw by the fire in the centre of the hut, smoking his quiet pipe. We entered, and grasped the welcoming hand of as clever a fellow (both Yankee and English clever,) as ever set foot on Matowacs.

"Hullo! hullo! hullo! wake up, boys! wake up! Here's Mr. Cypress, and Ned Locus, and Oliver Paul!—By gad, I'm glad to see ye.—How are ye! how are ye!"

How d'ye do! how d'ye do, fellows? Give us your fist, Raynor. Peter, what the d—l brought *you* down here? Dan, alive? how are ye, how are ye all?

At Raynor's call, the boys sprang up from their straw and peajackets, upon which they had been snoring in their sleeping places around the floor of the mansion, and rushed upon us with unaffected gratulation. The story of the reception can be briefly told. There were three of us, and twenty of them, and we all and each jointly and severally said, "how have you been? Pretty well, thank ye;" and shook hands. Make the calculation yourself. While you are cyphering it out, I'll stop and rest.

THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS."

Mr. P.—I am greatly indebted to your correspondent "A. B." on the subject of Stallions, and I presume many of the readers of the "American Turf Register" will be struck with the strong facts therein presented. "A." is somewhat discursive and ingenious in his last article. In his first piece, he says, "not one of the many colts of imported Citizen ever reached the head of the Turf." In his second, he says, "if Pacolet were a first-rate race horse, he stands alone."

My object in responding to his first communication, was to present historical facts. He has taken but one item in my account. If Citizen, as a four mile race horse, had left nothing else to have predicated his fame on, the dam of Sir Charles, Trifle, and Lady Clifden, would have accorded to him that much. The favorite theory of "A.," that "like begets like," is one that is universally admitted; and on this point I am willing to join issue. The people of England have more knowledge and system in breeding stock, and tact in disposing of them, than all the world beside. Hence it is, that when the corruptions of the English Turf caused an entire revolution in their manner of racing, the Derby and St. Leger horses became the great objects of attraction; and from A's. own words, Bay Middleton had size and muscular power sufficient to break himself down at three years old.

I think Crusader no way his inferior in pedigree, size, or muscular power; and certainly his superior in his racing calendar. The American people will consider him no ordinary horse, that could beat Ariel easily in heats of four miles; he was off the Turf at four. I am very much mistaken in the spirit, enterprise and capital, that the American people have vested in blood stock, if they are content to breed horses that are forced from the Turf at three and four years old. I contend that like does produce like. I have it historically recorded that the little grey horse Gimcrack, was on the Turf at eleven years old, and gave the best horses of England 28 pounds—himself a four mile horse; and all his progeny, down to the celebrated Black Maria, of four mile fame; and her produce now in the great four mile stake at Nashville.

I contend that if a horse has the blood, with the right conformation of points, and in the hands of a judicious Turfite, he can perform his four mile work successfully, until aged; and that like will beget like.

PENDLETON.

N. B.—A broken arm has prevented my making an earlier reply, and I now write through the agency of a friend, for the eye of the editor only.—[The communication is too good to keep to ourselves, and in laying it before our readers, we beg to express our acknowledgments for it, and our best wishes for the speedy recovery of its gifted author.—ED. A. T. R.]

A WOLF-HUNT ON THE WARWICK HILLS.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

THERE are few wilder regions within the compass of the United States, much less in the vicinity of its most populous and cultivated districts, than the long line of rocky wood-crowned heights, which (at times rising to an elevation and exhibiting a boldness of outline that justifies the application to them of the term "mountains," while at others they would be more appropriately designated as hills or knolls,) run all across the Eastern and the Midland States, from the White Mountains westward to the Alleghanies, between which mighty chains they form an intermediate and continuous link. Through this stern barrier all the great rivers of the States, through which they run, have rent themselves a passage, exhibiting in every instance the most sublime and boldest scenery, while many of the minor, though still noble streams, come forth sparkling and bright and cold from the clear lakes and lonely springs embosomed in its dark recesses. Possessing, for the most part, a width of eight or ten miles, this chain of hills consists, at some points, of a single ridge, rude, forest-clad, and lonely,—at others, of two, three, or even four distinct and separate lines of heights, with valleys more or less highly cultured, long sheets of most translucent water, and wild mountain streams, dividing them. With these hills—known as the Highlands, where the gigantic Hudson has cloven at some distant day a devious path for his eternal and resistless waters, and by an hundred other names, the Warwick Hills, the Greenwoods, and yet farther West, the Musconetcong Mountains, as they trend Southerly and West across New York and Jersey,—with these hills we have now to do. Not as the temples meet for the lonely muse, fit habitations for the poet's rich imaginings! not as they are most glorious in their natural scenery—whether the youthful May is covering their rugged brows with the bright tender verdure of the tasselled larch, and the yet brighter green of maple, mountain-ash, and willow—or the full flush of Summer has clothed their forests with impervious and shadowy foliage, while carpeting their sides with the unnumbered blossoms of calmia, rhododendron and azalia!—whether the gorgeous hues of Autumn gleam like the banners of ten thousand victor armies along their rugged slopes, or the frozen winds of Winter have roofed their headlands with inviolate white snow!—not as their bowels teem with the wealth of mines which ages of man's avarice may vainly labor to exhaust!—but as they are the loved abode of many a woodland denizen that has retreated even from more remote and seemingly far wilder fastnesses, to these sequestered haunts. We love them, in that the graceful hind conceals her timid fawn among the ferns that wave on the lone banks of many a nameless rill, threading their hills untrodden save by the miner, or the unfrequent huntsman's foot—in that the noble stag frays oftentimes his antlers against their

giant trees—in that the mighty bear lies hushed in grim repose amid their tangled swamps—in that their bushy dingles resound nightly to the long-drawn howl of the gaunt famished wolf—in that the lynx and wild-cat yet mark their prey from the pine branches—in that the ruffed grouse drums, the woodcock bleats, and the quail chirrups from every height or hollow—in that, more strange to tell, the noblest game of transatlantic fowl, the glorious turkey (although, like angels' visits, they be indeed but few and far between,) yet spread their bronzed tails to the sun, and swell and gobble in their most secret wilds. We love those hills of Warwick—many a glorious day have we passed in their green recesses; many a wild tale have we heard of sylvan sport and forest warfare, and many, too, of patriot partizanship in the old revolutionary days—the days that tried men's souls—while sitting at our noontide meal by the secluded well-head, under the canopy of some primeval oak, with implements of woodland sport, rifle or shot gun, by our side, and well-broke setter, or staunch hound, recumbent at our feet. And one of these tales will we now venture to record—though it will sound but weak and feeble from our lips, if compared to the rich, racy, quaint and humorous thing it was, when flowing from the nature-gifted tongue of our old friend Tom Draw; though it was not from him that it was first my lot to hear the stirring narrative, but from my comrade Archer, who had participated in the peril and excitement of the wild adventure.

It was the middle of the winter—Harry said, as we were sitting one day, after a hard tramp through the mountains, beside a chrystal spring that boils out from a rocky ledge close to the summit of one of the most lofty hills which overlooks the whole of the bright valley—it was the middle of the winter 18—, which was, as you will recollect, of most unusual severity, that I had gone up to Tom Draw's, with a view merely to quail shooting, though I had taken up, as usual, my rifle, hoping perhaps to get a chance shot at a deer. The very first night I arrived, the old bar-room was full of farmers talking all very eagerly about the ravages which had been wrought among their flocks by a small pack of wolves—five or six, as they said, in number, headed by an old gaunt famished brute, which had for many years been known through the whole region, by the loss of one hind foot, which had been cut off in a steel trap. More than an hundred sheep had been destroyed during the winter, and several calves beside; and what had stirred especially the bile of the good yeomen was that, with more than customary boldness, they had the previous night made a descent into the very precincts of the village, and carried off a choice fat wether of Tom Draw's. A slight fall of snow had taken place the morning I arrived, and, this suggesting to Tom's mind a possibility of hunting up the felons, a party had gone out and tracked them to a small swamp on the Bellevale mountain, wherein they had undoubtedly made their head quarters. Arrangements had been made on all sides—forty or fifty stout and active men were mustered, well armed, though various, with muskets, ducking guns and rifles—some fifteen couple of strong hounds, of every height and color were collected

—a dozen horses saddled and bridled, and half as many sleighs were ready with provisions, ammunition, liquor, and blankets, all prepared for a week's bivouac. The plan prescribed was in the first place to surround the swamp, as silently as possible, with all our forces, and then to force the pack out so as to face our volley. This, should the method be successful, would finish the whole hunt at once; but should the three-legged savage succeed in making his escape, we were to hunt him by relays, bivouacking upon the ground wherever night should find us, and taking up the chase again upon the following morning, until continual fatigue should wear out the fierce brute. I had two horses with me, and Tim Matlock; so I made up my mind at once—got a light one horse sleigh up in the village, rigged it with all my bear-skins, good store of whiskey, eatables and so forth, saddled the gray with my best Somerset holsters and surcingle attached, and made one of the party on the instant.

Before daylight we started,—a dozen mounted men leading the way, with the intent to get quite round the ridge and cut off the retreat of those most wily beasts of prey, before the coming of the rear-guard should alarm them—and the remainder of the party sleighing it merrily along, with all the hounds attached to them. The dawn was yet in its first gray dimness when we got into line along the little ridge which bounds that small dense brake on the north-eastern side—upon the southern side the hill rose almost inaccessible in a succession of short limestone ledges—westward the open woods, through which the hounds and footmen were approaching, sloped down in a long, easy fall, into the deep secluded basin filled with the densest and most thorny coverts, and in the summer time waist deep in water and almost inaccessible, though now floored with a sheet of solid ice, firm as the rocks around it—due northward was an open field, dividing the wolf-dingle from the mountain-road by which we always travel. Our plot had been well laid, and thus far had succeeded. I, with eleven horsemen, drawn up in easy pistol shot one of the other, had taken our ground in perfect silence, and as we readily discovered by the untrodden surface of the snow our enemies were as yet undisturbed. My station was the extreme left of our line, as we faced westward, close to the first ridge of the southern hill—and there I sat in mute expectancy, my holsters thrown wide open, my *Kuchenreüters* loaded and cocked, and my good ounce-ball rifle lying prepared within the hollow of my arm. Within a short half hour I saw the second party, captained by our friend Garry, coming up one by one and forming silently and promptly upon the hill side,—and directly after I heard the crash and shout of our beaters, as they plunged into the thicket at its westward end. So far as I could perceive, all had gone well. Two sides, my own eyes told me, were surrounded, and the continuous line in which the shouts ran all along the further end would have assured me, if assurance had been needful, for Tom himself commanded in that quarter, that all was perfectly secure on that side. A Jerseyman, a hunter of no small repute, had been detached with a fourth band to guard the

open fields upon the north ; due time had been allotted to him, and, as we judged, he was upon his ground. Scarce had the first yell echoed through the forest before the pattering of many feet might be heard mingled with the rustling of the matted boughs throughout the covert—and as the beaters came on, a whole host of rabbits, with no less than seven foxes, two of them gray, came scampering through our line in mortal terror, but on they went unharmed, for strict had been the orders that no shot should be fired save at the lawful objects of the chase. Just at this moment I saw Garry, who stood a hundred feet above me on the hill, commanding the whole basin of the swamp, bring up his rifle. This was enough for me—my thumb was on the cock, the nail of my forefinger pressed closely to the trigger guard. He lowered it again, as though he had lost sight of his object—raised it again with great rapidity, and fired. My eye was on the muzzle of his piece, and just as the bright stream of flame glanced from it, distinctly visible in the dim morning twilight, before my ear had caught the sound of the report, a sharp long snarl rose from the thicket, announcing that a wolf was wounded. Eagerly, keenly did I listen ; but there came no farther sound to tell me of his whereabouts.

“I hit him,”—shouted Garry,—“I hit him then, I swon ; but I guess not so badly but he can travel still. Look out you, Archer,—he’s squatted in the thick there, and won’t stir ’till they get close a top on him.”

While he was speaking yet, a loud and startling shout rose from the open field, announcing to my ear upon the instant that one or more had broken covert at some unguarded spot ; as it was evident from the absence of any firing. The leader of our squad was clearly of the same opinion ; for motioning to us to spread our line a little wider, he galloped off at a tremendous rate, spurning the snowballs high into the air, accompanied by three of his best men, to stop the gap which had been left through the misapprehension of the Jerseyman. This he accomplished ; but not until the great wolf, wilier than his comrades, had got off unharmed. He had not moved five minutes before a small dark bitch-wolf broke away through our line, at the angle farthest from my station, and drew a scattering volley from more than half our men—too rapid and too random to be deadly—though several of the balls struck close about her. I thought she had got off scot free ; but Jem McDaniel, whom you know, a cool old steady hand, had held his fire, and taking a long quiet aim, lodged his ball fairly in the centre of her shoulders—over she went, and over, tearing the snow with tooth and claw in her death agony ; while, fancying, I suppose, that all our guns were emptied—for, by my life, I think the crafty brutes can almost reason—out popped two more!—one between me and my right hand man—the other, a large dog, dragging a wounded leg behind him, under my horse’s very feet. Bob made a curious demivolte, I do assure you, as the dark brindled villain darted between his fore legs with an angry snarl ; but at a single word and a slight admonition of the curb, stood motionless, as though he had been carved in marble. Quickly I brought my rifle up, though

steadily enough, and—more, I fancy, by good luck than management—planted my bullet in the neck, just where the scull and spine unite it, so that he bounced three feet at least above the frozen snow, and fell quite dead within twelve paces of the covert. The other wolf, which had crept out to my right hand, was welcomed by the almost simultaneous fire of three pieces, one of which only lodged its bullet, a small one by the way—eighty or ninety only to the pound—too light entirely to tell a story, in the brute's loins. He gave a savage yell enough as the shot told; and, for the first twenty or thirty yards, dragged his hind-quarters heavily; but as he went on he recovered, gathering headway very rapidly over the little ridge, and through the open woodland, toward a clear field on the mountain's brow. Just as this passed, a dozen shots were fired, in a quick running volley, from the thicket, just where an old cart-way divides it; followed, after a moment's pause, by one full, round report, which I knew instantly to be the voice of old Tom's musket; nor did I err, for, while its echoes were yet vocal in the leafless forest, the owner's jovial shout was heard—

“Wiped all your eyes, boys!—all of them, by the eternal!—Who-hoop for our side!—and I'll bet horns for all on us, old leather-breeches has killed him!”

This passed so rapidly—in fact it was all nearly simultaneous—that the fourth wolf was yet in sight when the last shot was fired. We all knew well enough that the main object of our chase had for the time escaped us!—the game was all afoot!—three of them slain already—nor was there any longer aught to be gained by sticking to our stations. So, more for devilry than from entertaining any real hope of overtaking him, I chucked my rifle to the nearest of the farmers, touched old Bob with the spur, and went away on a hard gallop after the wounded fugitive, who was now plodding onward at the usual long loping canter of his tribe. For about half a mile the wood was open, and sloped gently upward; where it was bounded by a high rugged fence, made in the usual snake fashion, with a huge heavy top-rail;—this we soon reached, the wolf, which was more hurt than I had fancied, beginning to lag grievously, crept through it scarcely a hundred yards ahead of me, and, by good luck, at a spot where the top rail had been partially dislodged, so that Bob swept over it, almost without an effort, in his gallop; though it presented an impenetrable rampart to some half dozen of the horsemen who had followed. I was now in a cleared lot of some ten acres, forming the summit of the hill, which, farther on, sunk steeply into a dark ravine full of thick brushwood, with a small verge of thinly growing coppice not more than twenty yards in width, on tolerably level ground, within the low stone-wall which parted it from the cultivated land. I felt that I was now upon my vantage ground; and you may be sure, Frank, that I spared not the spurs; but the wolf, conscious probably of the vicinity of some place of safety, strained every nerve and ran, in fact, as if he had been quite unwounded—so that he was still twelve or fourteen paces from me when he jumped on the wall. Once over this, I well knew he was safe; for I was thoroughly

acquainted with the ground, and was of course aware that no horse could descend the banks of the precipitous ravine. In this predicament, I thought I might as well take a chance at him with one of my good pistols, though of course with faint hopes of touching him; however, I pulled out the right hand nine-inch barrel, took a quick sight, and let drive at him; and, much to my delight, the sound was answered by the long snarling howl, which I had that day heard too often to doubt any more its meaning. Over he jumped, however, and the wall covering him from my sight, I had no means of judging how badly he was hurt—so on I went, and charged the wall with a tight rein and a steady pull—and lucky for me was it that I did so, for under the lee of the wall there was a heap of rugged logs into which Bob plunged gallantly. and, in spite of my hard hold on him, floundered a moment, and went over. Had I been going at top speed, a very nasty fall must have been the immediate consequence,—as it was, both of us rolled over; but with small violence, and on soft snow, so that no harm was done. As I came off, however, I found myself in a most unpleasant neighborhood; for my good friend the wolf, hurt pretty badly by the last shot, had as it seemed ensconced himself among the logs, whence Bob's assault and subsequent discomfiture had somewhat suddenly dislodged him,—so that, as I rolled over on the snow, I found myself within six feet of my friend, seemingly very doubtful whether to fight or fly! But, by good luck, my bullet had struck him on the hip-bone, and being of a rather large calibre, had let his claret pretty freely loose, beside shattering the bone, so that he was but in poor fighting trim; and I had time to get back to the gray—who stood snorting and panting, up to his knees in snow and rubbish, but without offering to stir—to draw my second pistol, and to give Isegrin—as the Germans call him—the *coup de grace*, before he could attain the friendly shelter of the dingle, to which with all due speed he was retreating. By this time all our comrades had assembled. Loud was the glee—boisterous the applause, which fell especially to me, who had performed with my own hand the glorious feat of slaying two wolves in one morning—and deep the cups of applejack, Scotch whiskey, and Jamaica spirits, which flowed in rich libations, according to the tastes of the compotators, over the slaughtered quarry.

Breakfast was produced on the spot: cold salt pork, onions, and hard biscuit forming the principal dishes, washed down by nothing weaker than the pure ardent! Not long, however, did fat Tom permit us to enjoy our ease.

"Come boys,"—he shouted,—“no laziness here—no gormandizing—the worst part of our work's before us—the old lame devil is afoot, and five miles off by now. We must get back, and lay the hounds on, right stret off—and well if the scent isn't cold now! He's tuk right off toward Duckcedars (for so Tom ever calls Iruxedo Pond—a lovely crescent-shaped lakelet deep in the bosom of the greenwoods), so off with you, Jem, down by the road, as hard as you can strick with ten of your boys in sleighs, and half the hounds—and if you find his tracks acrost the road, don't wait for us, but

strick right arter him. You, Garry, keep stret down the old road with ten dogs and all the plunder—we'll meet at night, I reckon."

No sooner said than done!—the parties were sent off with the relays.—This was on Monday morning,—Tom and I, and some thirteen others, with eight couple of the best dogs, stuck to his slot on foot. It was two hours at least, so long had he been gone, before a single hound spoke to it, and I had begun well nigh to despair; but Tom's immense sagacity, which seemed almost to know instinctively the course of the wily savage, enabling us to cut off the angles of his course, at last brought us up somewhat nearer to him. At about noon, two or three of the hounds opened, but doubtfully and faintly. His slot, however, shewed that they were right, and lustily we cheered them on!—Tom, marvelling the while that we heard not the cry of Jem's relay—"For I'll be darned"—he said—"if he hasn't crossed the road long enough since; and that dumb nigger, Jem, 's not had the sense to stick to him!" For once, however, the fat man was wrong; for, as it appeared when we neared the road, the wolf had headed back, scared doubtless by some injudicious noise of our companions, and making a wide ring, had crossed three miles below the spot where Jem was posted. This circuit we were forced to make; as at first sight we fancied he had headed altogether back, and it was four o'clock before we got upon his scent, hot, fresh, and breast-high; running toward the road, that is, due eastward from the covert whence he had bolted in the morning. Nor were our friends inactive; for, guided by the clamors of our pack, making the forests musical, they had held down the road; and, as the felon crossed, caught a long view of him—as he limped over it, and laid the fresh hounds on. A brilliant rally followed—we calling off our wearied dogs, and hasting to the lower road, where we found Garry with the sleighs, and dashed off in our turn through all sorts of bye-paths and wood roads, to head them once again! This, with much labor, we effected; but the full winter-moon had risen, and the innumerable stars were sparkling in the frosty skies, when we flogged off the hounds—kindled our night fires—prepared our evening meal, feasted, and spread our blankets, and slept soundly under no warmer canopy than the blue firmament—secure that our lame friend would lie up for the night at no great distance. With the first peep of dawn we were again afoot, and, the snow still befriending us, we roused him from a cedar-brake at about nine o'clock, cut him off three times with fresh dogs and men, the second day, and passed the night, some sixteen miles from home, in the rude hovel of a charcoal burner. Greater excitement I cannot imagine, than that wild, independent chace!—sometimes on foot, cheering the hounds through swamp and dingle, over rough cliffs and ledges where foot of horse could avail nothing—sometimes on horseback, galloping merrily through the more open woodlands—sometimes careering in the flying sleigh, to the gay music of its bells, along the wild wood paths! Well did we fare, too—well! aye, sumptuously!—for our outskirters, though they reserved their rifles for the appropriate game, were not so sparing with the shot gun; so that, night

after night, our chaldron reeked with the mingled steam of rabbit, quail, and partridge, seethed up *à la Meg Merrilies*, with fat pork, onions, and potatoes—by the Lord Harry, Frank, a glorious and unmatched *consommée*. To make, however, a long tale short (for every day's work, although varied to the actors by thousands of minute but unnarratable particulars, would appear but as a repetition of the last, to the mere listener), to make a long tale short, on the third day he doubled back, took us directly over the same ground—and in the middle of the day, on Saturday, was roused in view by the leading hounds, from the same little swamp in which the five had harbored during the early winter. No man was near the hounds when he broke covert,—but fat Tom, who had been detached from the party to bring up provisions from the village, was driving in his sleigh steadily along the road, when the sharp chorus of the hounds aroused him. A minute after, the lame scoundrel limped across the turnpike, scant thirty yards before him. Alas! Tom had but his double-barrel, one loaded with buck shot, the other merely prepared for partridge!—he blazed away, however, but in vain! Out came ten couple on his track, hard after him; and old Tom, cursing his bad luck, stoed to survey the chase across the open. Strange was the felon's fate! The first fence, after he had crossed the road, was full six feet in height, framed of huge split logs, piled so close together that, save between the two topmost rails, a small dog even could have found no passage. Full at this opening the wolf dashed, as fresh, Tom said, as though he had not run a yard; but as he struggled through it, his efforts shook the top rail from the yokes, and the huge piece of timber falling across his loins, pinned him completely! At a mile off I heard his howl myself, and the confused and savage hubbub, as the hounds, front and rear, assailed him. Hampered although he was, he battled it out fiercely—aye, heroically—as six of our best hounds maimed for life, and one slain outright, testified. Heavens! how the fat man scrambled across the fence!—he reached the spot, and, far too much excited to reload his piece and quietly blow out the fierce brute's brains, fell to belaboring it about the head with his gun stock, shouting the while and yelling; so that the din of his tongue, mixed with the snarls and long howls of the mangled savage, and the fierce baying of the dogs, fairly alarmed me, as I said before, at a mile's distance! As it chanced, Timothy was on the road close by, with Peacock; I caught sight of him, mounted, and spurred on fiercely to the rescue; but when I reached the hill's brow, all was over. Tom, puffing and panting like a grampus in shoal water, covered—garments and face and hands—with lupine gore, had finished his huge enemy, after he had destroyed his gun, with what he called a *stick*, but what you and I, Frank, should have termed a fair-sized tree; and with his foot upon the brindled monster's neck, was quaffing copious rapture from the neck of a quart bottle—once full, but now well nigh exhausted—of his appropriate and cherished beverage.* Thus fell the last wolf on the Hills of Warwick!

* The facts and incidents of the lame wolf's death are strictly true, although they were not witnessed by the writer.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

BY AN AMATEUR.

SOME REMARKS ON STABLING AND THE MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

THERE are but few owners of horses who go to the expense of building stables. Those who do so, and without regard to expense, can of course erect them on a plan which will ensure every comfort and advantage to the horses that are to inhabit them; and, therefore, on this subject I shall have but few remarks to make. Very many ill-arranged stables may nevertheless be greatly improved by a few trifling alterations; and the observations I may have to make on this head must serve in some measure as a guide to those who are about to re-build.

It must ever be borne in mind that the first grand requisite towards health and condition is thorough ventilation. Without this, a horse, if not actually the subject of disease, as is too often the case, becomes languid and incapable of much exertion. His muscles waste, and have not that firm, hard, elastic feel which those of a well-conditioned horse impart; and if suffered for any length of time to inhabit a close and ill-ventilated stable, he will invariably betray symptoms of actual local disease, independent of his general want of vigor. The eyes are a part of the body which very soon suffer from being subjected to hot and impure air, whenever impregnated with the effluvia of dung or urine allowed to accumulate in a stable; and when the greatest attention is paid to cleanliness, if there be not a free ingress and egress for pure and fresh air, the lungs will soon become actually diseased, or in a state to be very easily affected by slight causes of irritation.

Many people imagine that it is quite sufficient to admit air into a stable; but this is an error. Not only must there be a sufficient provision for the entrance of fresh air into the stable, but likewise an aperture where it may make its escape, and thus create a draught, by which all impurities in the atmosphere may be carried off.

Good air, it must never be forgotten, is the *pabulum vite*. The blood is generally so denominated; and it is very true that from that source all the secretions of the body are derived, and the health and vigor of the frame kept up. But before the blood can become in a fit state to carry on life AT ALL, it must be subjected, in its passage through the lungs, to the action of the atmosphere; and the purer this is, the greater will be its effect upon the blood, and consequently upon the constitution in general. Hence it is not by any means difficult to imagine how great a desideratum is uncontaminated air to animal life, and how surely the deprivation of it must create debility, and eventually lead to disease. Glanders—the stable-plague—is a very frequent result of confinement in a close atmosphere, and, being highly infectious, is not always got rid of by the strictest attention to cleanliness and ventilation, even

* Continued from Vol. x. page 661.

long after horses affected with that complaint have been removed. I have generally found that the best plan of ventilating a close stable is to cut a large double trap-door in the floor of the loft, and to make an aperture, if there be not one already, above the stable door, which may be partially or entirely closed by a hinged shutter, sawn into two or three pieces, one or more of which may be closed or left open at pleasure.

Where there is no loft to the stable, a hole of sufficient magnitude should be made in the roof, which should be covered by a small square turret, about two feet in height, with a shutter on each side. Either of these may be closed, according to the wind or the state of the weather. A stable with a loft is, however, in my opinion, far preferable to one without. It may be made quite as warm as any other in winter, and is much cooler in summer, as horses do not stand directly under the roof, which, whether tiled or slated, acquires a considerable degree of heat if exposed to the sun. The loft of a stable, on the other hand, can always be kept cool by leaving the door open, in addition to both flaps of the double trap-door already mentioned, and thus a superstratum of cool air can be constantly kept up.

A stable with a loft should always be ceiled, to prevent dust from falling upon the horses through the boards of the loft floor. With regard to the quantity of light to be admitted into a stable, much difference of opinion prevails. For my own part, I should say, never let your stable be dark. It keeps a horse constantly dozing, and tends to create a want of activity and liveliness, which those who are advocates for darkness pretend are thereby augmented when a horse is taken out to exercise. I do not believe a word of this myself, and will contend that plenty of light admitted into a stable renders a horse cheerful, and furnishes the natural stimulus to the eyes, which, if long kept in darkness, are extremely irritable on being brought into the glare of day, and cause a horse to go for some time, until he becomes accustomed to the light, as though he were moon-blind.

Your stable windows should always be made to open; and, where a horse is allowed to be loose, should have iron-bars within sufficiently close to each other to prevent his poking his nose between them. This is the best economy; for without them, you will find yourself compelled every week to replace broken squares of glass. Horses that are kept without much work soon become mischievous; and I have often remarked that they will get into a habit of breaking the windows of their stable by rubbing their noses against them, first gently, and then a little harder, until they find out just the degree of force necessary to accomplish their object, which, when obtained, seems to please them greatly, and affords a species of pastime which soon becomes habitual.

In building a stable, loftiness and plenty of room behind the horses are two grand desiderata. The clear width of the stalls inside the wood work should not be less than six feet, and the divisions between them not less than seven clear of the manger; as, where they are shorter, horses very frequently kick each other.

It is very much the fashion to make the floor of the stall much higher near the manger than behind. All dealers' stables are built in this manner, for the purpose of showing off the horses in them, as it causes them to appear one or two inches higher than they really are. Nevertheless a person who consults appearances less than his horse's comfort, will never allow him to stand constantly on rising ground, which is a most fatiguing position for the legs. The way in which a horse standing in a stall with a considerable rise constantly shifts one leg and then the other, resting them alternately, sufficiently demonstrates the uneasiness of his position, to say nothing of the constant strain upon the back sinews which it occasions. A slight descent in a stall is, however, desirable for the purpose of carrying off the urine, though many people prefer that their horses should stand with their hind legs more elevated than any other part. Perfectly level ground affords undoubtedly the most comfortable standing for any four-footed animal; but the advantages of draining must not be overlooked, and a little additional straw can very easily be laid towards a horse's heels, where that part is lowest. The paving of each stall should gradually incline towards a drain at the bottom of the stalls, made with a very considerable slope in order that the urine which falls into it may be immediately carried away from the stable. This drain immediately receives the urine from a mare; and a second should be made in the centre of each stall, covered with a fine grating, to catch that from a horse. Several pails of water should every now and then be thrown down this latter drain, and the mouth of it, which should always be covered by a trap, examined to see that its course be free; for, depend upon it, that every bad smell allowed to remain for any length of time in your stable, cannot but be highly injurious to your horses.

I am not by any means an advocate for those basin-shaped mangers which are now so common. The old-fashioned manger, in my opinion, is far preferable. Many a hungry horse, on putting his nose into a feed of oats, throws it right and left, and consequently spills a considerable quantity out of these small mangers, or hits his jaws against the sides, if, as is frequently the case, they are curved inwards to prevent the waste of corn. Besides, a greedy horse and one that is given to bolt his food, requires that it should be spread thinly over a large surface, a thing which is impossible in a small manger, where the corn, being laid in a heap, allows a horse to take a large quantity into his mouth at a time, and to swallow it, as he has no trouble in picking it up, before it be half masticated. Added to this, few horses, while feeding, will keep their heads constantly over a small manger, and consequently they let drop into the stall a quantity of oats, which, with a larger manger, would have been saved.

It is a good plan to have the edge of a manger sheeted with iron. It prevents horses from acquiring a knack, which they easily get, of gnawing their manger—a habit which frequently instigates to crib-biting, the most detestable of all nuisances. Many crib-biters, unless hardened in sin, will also refuse to bite an iron-bound

manger; and as the expense of that metal is not great, the propriety of employing it as a saving in the article of new mangers, and as a preventive of the acquirement of a bad habit, is obvious.

With respect to your rack, let that also be of iron, and placed as low as possible, so that it stand clear of the manger, and leave sufficient room for a horse to get his head comfortably between the two. I am well convinced that those racks which are placed so high as to make a horse raise his head much to get at his food, are injurious. The natural position of a horse's head in feeding, will at once demonstrate the absurdity of making him raise it very high to reach his hay; added to which, he every now and then, in pulling it from his rack, shakes some hay-seeds into his eyes, which produce irritation there, and may render him unserviceable for some days.

A well-regulated stable ought to be supplied with a thermometer. Nothing conduces more to the well-being of any animal than keeping him in a proper and equal temperature. I would never advise that a stable should be kept hot; and, after what I have already said of the necessity of free ventilation, it will naturally be supposed that I am no advocate for totally excluding the air at any time. But the weather must of course regulate the quantity to be admitted at different times; and in order to ascertain this point, a thermometer is an extremely useful guide. Feel your horse's hide under his clothes occasionally, and take care that it be always perfectly warm. No animal will ever thrive while it continues to feel cold, and the horse perhaps least of any. Plenty of fresh air to breathe, and plenty of good clothes to keep up the circulation in the skin, are two absolute essentials to good condition. In addition to body-clothes, whenever the extremities feel cold, apply dry flannel bandages loosely round the legs. Of these I shall have more to say presently. I have known hunting-grooms keep their studs constantly in a temperature of 65, but this I think rather too high: such a degree of heat obliges them to be kept in brisk exercise when they are out, or they will be very liable to colds and inflammations.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that, in conjunction with free ventilation, cleanliness in every department of the stable is a requisite of the highest importance. It is not simply sufficient that impure air should find a ready vent; it should never be generated. The act of respiration deprives atmospheric air of one of its component parts essential to the continuance of life, and hence the necessity of affording a fresh supply of it to all animals. In speaking, however, of impure air, I do not allude to that which has already been respired, but to that which is impregnated with exhalations from dung, urine, or other noxious substances. It must be evident to every thinking person, that nothing can be more prejudicial to the health and consequent vigor of the horse than his being suffered constantly to breathe an atmosphere loaded with the effluvia of putrescent matter; and yet nothing is perhaps so common as to find stables, to all appearance kept in the nicest order, in which but a moderate attention is paid to the avoidance of this fruitful

source of debility and disease. It is a very favorite plan with many grooms, if not strictly looked after, to sweep up the stable at night, and then, instead of carrying the dung away at once, to hide it under the corner of a horse's bed, to be removed perhaps the next or the following day. Thus during the whole of the night is an animal left to breathe an air contaminated with miasmata from matter in a state of decomposition, and which very frequently, on being first voided, occasions a most intolerable smell of a highly pungent character, which, as I have already remarked, is as injurious to the eyes, from its stimulating properties, as it is detrimental to health from its effects upon the blood.

As for the straw which is impregnated with urine, it is the inviolable custom of nineteen grooms out of twenty to allow it to remain at the bottom of a horse's bed for several days, when it is at length cleaned away; and let any one remain in a stable thus kept while this operation is being performed, and try the effect it has upon his own eyes, if he wish to judge of it upon those of his horses. This Augean labor is termed "mucking out;" and whenever you hear the expression used by your groom, be sure that his habits are not of the cleanliest order. In fact such an operation as "mucking out" should, in a well-regulated stable, be an impossibility, for there never should be any "muck" to take away. I remember having heard that a crusty old merchant, whose name I will not mention, was always in the habit of asking an applicant for a clerk's berth whether he was a good hand at "*scratching out*." If the answer was in the affirmative, the reply always was, "then, my good fellow, you won't do for me, for my clerks must never make mistakes." You may, therefore, previously to hiring a groom, ask him "how often he mucks out," and should he say "once a week, or twice a week, Sir," the sooner he "mucks himself out" the better. Some of these gentry, indeed, think that to look after a horse properly requires no sort of training to the business at all; and I have known one of them who applied for the situation of groom to a gentleman, who kept hunters too, acknowledge very cavalierly "that he did not know much about *nags*, but had looked arter a *kiow* a good bit!"

A horse's bed should be shaken out regularly every morning, every particle of dirt or foul straw removed, and the stones swept perfectly clean. Whatever portion of the straw is retained should be tucked under the manger, and never allowed to remain under a horse unless he have done hard work on the previous day and seem disposed to lie down. This is a case which requires that the general rule should be departed from; but, as a common practice, no habit is more injurious to a horse's feet than that of suffering them to remain constantly buried in straw. It is generally allowed that the feet of cavalry horses, taking them one with another, are free'r from disease than those of private individuals, and I believe that in no horse regiment in our service is the litter allowed to remain all day under a horse's feet. For my own part, I like to see a stable well swept out, and the horses standing on the bare stones; but I do not imagine that much injury can result to the feet from

standing on a very thin layer of straw, where it is considered as improving the appearance of a stable: however, the less straw so used the better.

While horses are at exercise, the stable should every now and then be washed out, and the mangers scalded with hot water and scraped. The urine, and whatever litter or dirt may have fallen into the common drain, should be removed, and never allowed, even for a single day, to accumulate either in or near the stable. Unless the weather be very damp, let the door and windows be left open while the horses are out, and take care that neither dogs nor fowls have access. Some people are very fond of keeping dogs in a stable, and others allow poultry to enter whenever they please; by which pleasing amalgamation of the smells of a hen-house and kennel, they keep their horses ready to fall victims to the first serious malady by which they may be attacked.

When your horse is about to be done up for the night, do you go into the stable, unless you have a groom whom you can perfectly trust, and see that all the litter be well shaken, so that there shall be no clods or lumps in it, and that there be plenty of it, and well laid up at the sides and corners. Let the clothes be put on afresh, and remember, if they should hang too much over a horse's quarters, they are not to be drawn up against the coat, but to be taken off and put on again. Next see that they lie evenly under the roller—a spring roller—that is, one made with elastic bands, the inventor of which is Mr. Coleman, of the Turf Hotel, St. Alban's, who always keeps a good stock of them on hand. Do not let the fore-piece of the head-stall press on the roots of the ears, and put your hand under the cloth where it covers part of the neck to ascertain that the mane lies evenly under it.

This done, feel your horse's legs all round, and be certain that they be comfortably warm; for if the blood do not circulate freely in the extremities, the horse will probably remain chilled during the whole of the night. Moreover, coldness of the legs, and nose, and ears, is oftentimes a symptom of greater evil than may at first be imagined, and, therefore, it is necessary to correct it as soon as discovered. For this purpose, let your groom handrub the legs assiduously for some time after they begin to feel warm, and afterwards apply loose and warm flannel bandages to them to ensure their remaining so. To handrub a horse's legs effectually, it is a good plan to have a pair of gloves shaped like a bag with a thumb to it, and made of the same material as a horse's nose-bag. This is a system adopted in our cavalry regiments in India, where every horse's legs are regularly rubbed every night and morning for a certain length of time, the trumpet marking the period allotted for each leg. Gloves made of the material already mentioned are also there used for cleaning every part of the body, and it would be well if they were employed in this country during the time that a horse is shedding his coat; for if a brush be much used then, some horses will soon become almost entirely stripped of their coat, and liable to take cold.

Every horse's feet, and particularly those that are rather brittle,

should be regularly stopped at least three times a week with moist cowdung (to which those who like it may add a little clay), or else with the pads of which I have already made mention. In addition to this they should twice in the week be well brushed with a mixture of equal weights of tar and tallow, melted together, which precaution will save many a brittle hoof from cracking.

After horses are done up for the night, I have almost invariably been in the habit myself either of remaining a few minutes in the stable, after the light has been extinguished, or of returning there in a short time without a candle, in order to be perfectly assured that no sparks have fallen among the litter. Few people will take the trouble to do this, although it be not very great; but when we consider that a horse's litter and the greater part of his provender consist of the most inflammable materials, *and that when once a horse smells fire nothing will induce him to move*, it can hardly be supposed that a precaution so easily taken ought to be weighed in the balance with the remotest chance of losing one or more valuable horses, if the injury go no farther. When a gentleman gives an eye to his own stable, the *habit* of going into it a short time after the light has been removed, and of putting his head for a minute or two into the loft, is very soon acquired, and is then not thought troublesome.

I shall now proceed to say a few words on the subject of cleaning a horse, one which it is very requisite that every master of horses should understand, or very many grooms will slur over this part of their business if they find that they can do so with impunity. I like to see a man proceed *systematically* with the operation of grooming a horse, never leaving any part until it be completely and thoroughly cleaned with whatever implement he may for the time have in hand. You will frequently see a man not accustomed to look after horses first rub the shoulder a little, then the hind-quarters, and then one or other of the legs, and so skip about from one part to another until he knows not which is cleaned and which is untouched. A good groom, on the contrary, first takes a horse's head by the ears if cold, and rubs them gently until they are perfectly dry and warm. This is particularly necessary if the horse have come off a journey, and is heated; for nothing tends to render a horse so uncomfortable as to have his head wet and cold. The principal part of the mud and dirt, if there be any, being rubbed or scraped off, he next proceeds to rub the legs with a large wisp of dry straw, and continues this operation until they become perfectly warm; after which a dry roller is loosely applied to each, to be replaced by others when a horse is left to himself. Very many grooms are in the habit of washing the legs and feet as soon as a horse comes in, but this is treatment to which I most decidedly object. If we consider for a moment that the circulation is greatly accelerated by exertion, and that the legs and feet of all parts are perhaps the fullest of blood when a horse has been ridden fast, it will not require any conjuror to shew us the impropriety of plunging them into cold water, thereby checking the perspiration, even though bandages be immediately afterwards applied. This

mode of treatment frequently produces rheumatism or grease (the latter perhaps from excessive reaction, the former from the want of it), and I am of opinion that it also very often lays the foundation of that chronic inflammation of the feet which terminates in flattened soles or completely pumiced feet. Always, therefore, insist upon your horse being perfectly cool before his feet be washed; and as for his legs, if you take my advice, you will never suffer them to be washed at all; the sponge and water-brush being at best a lazy substitute for the wisp and body-brush. The circulation being well established in the extremities, your groom should then begin to wisp the head and jaws, and proceed regularly with the neck, shoulders, fore-hand, body, particularly the belly, and hind-quarters. They should each be afterwards well brushed, and then rubbed over with a damp hay wisp, after which a good strapping with a dry cloth will complete the business. The fore-lock, mane, and tail being well combed and brushed, the clothes may next be put on, and then the eyes, nose, and lips may be cleaned with a damp sponge (which, by the bye, should be used to the eyes first, lest they should receive any discharge from the nose); and the under part of the tail and cleft between the quarters should be similarly treated. These things done, let your horse's feet be washed out, *but not his heels*; let the bandages be removed, the legs well rubbed again, and clean dry bandages be applied.—Should a horse come in fatigued and distressed, from a hard day's hunting we will say, do not plague him with all the cleaning and dressing I have recommended, but take the mud off him, wisp him over till he be dry, clean his feet out and stop them, bandage his legs, and then, making him a good soft bed, give him half a pail of white water (a mixture of oatmeal and water), if he have not already had it, with what corn you consider necessary, and leave him to himself.

I have now told you how a horse is to be well groomed; but a man who, as far as hard work goes, may perfectly well suit you, may nevertheless be a very improper person to whom to trust the care of your horses. No ill-tempered man should ever look after a horse for me, if he were in other respects as good a groom as I could wish to have. When you have a surly bullying fellow in your stable, your horses soon get terrified at the approach of any one, jump from one side of the stall to the other when told to "come over," and, instead of showing confidence in the man who looks after them, will perhaps scarcely allow themselves to be handled without flying about as though they expected a blow. Such a fellow, though he be perfect master of his business, is totally unfit to have the care of horses, gentleness being one of the very best qualities a groom can possess. With a bad-tempered fellow in your stable, you perpetually find your horses with fresh scars in some part or other—about the head commonly—or with swelled hocks or knees; and if you ask how they became so, you will be told that "the horse got loose in the night," or, "he cut or bruised himself by rolling;" whereas, if you knew the truth, you would be well aware that either kicks, or blows with the pitchfork, were the

cause of the mischief. If these disasters frequently occur, try if a change of servants will not prove a cure for them. A man who loses his temper with a horse, be he riding, driving, or cleaning him, is almost sure to do him an injury, and at the time of inflicting it does not stop to consider whether it will be great or not. I remember a short time ago being on a long coach, and sitting beside an excellent dragsman, who handed me his whip, which a good judge of coaching had made a present to him. On the handle were engraved the words "Keep your temper;" and it would be well if this motto were hung up in every stable as a hint to grooms and their helpers.

[London Sporting Magazine for November, 1839.]

THE OPINIONS AND EXPLOITS OF TOM TRIGOR,

COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED, WITH SOME OF HIS SMALL TALK,

BY BEN BULLIT.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

Few men, says Sir Walter Scott, ever marry their first loves, and but precious few are there whom fate does not separate from early friends. Therefore, says Dr. Johnson, make new ones—keep your friendship in repair. A grave text; but never fear, kind reader, we shall not extract from it a serious homily. We only meant to shew, that, like many an author of heavier calibre, we could prop up common-places by authorities.

I was led into this train of thought, by the reflection, how sadly my early friendships had been cut up. There was Tom Trigor—we were inseparable—many is the time we have beat the covers together in the "Jersies," or laid low all along shore, imbibing (by absorption) considerable salt water, and, more directly, no little of more comfortable fluids, as we poured our artillery into the ducks "innumerable," or listened to the sonorous *hawking* of the more stately geese; and many are the *rouzes* in which we have borne part, from Barnegat to the Cape. But, alas for the mutations of sublunary affairs! The *res angustæ domi*—"a certain impecuniosity"—compelled Tom, as it had forced many a fine fellow before, to seek his fortune in the West. But, more fortunate than most of these fine fellows, he soon succeeded in acquiring a competency. I heard from him from time to time, and was glad to learn that he had battled successfully against fevers and agues, and had at last ensconced himself upon his own domain, and in a snug bachelor's establishment—had made up his mind to "daff the world aside, and bid it pass;" in short, to take the world easy. There, his letters told me, he had resumed his sporting habits, and was luxuriating amid the game with which his new location abounded.

Pressing were the invitations he sent me to visit him, and doughty

were the resolves I made from time to time to accept of them ; but it so happened, among the cares and engagements of business (a pize upon the word), that it was long ere I could avail myself of them ; and when at last I was enabled—on my return from a journey to New Orleans—to fulfil my promises, circumstances beyond my control (as our great men say, when they want to shirk a troublesome invitation,) so abridged my stay, that I could do little more than look at his establishment. I saw, however, sufficient to make me envy his philosophical retirement. There were “choice spirits” enough about him, to prevent the ennui of utter solitude, and other society he did not seem to crave, save what he gathered from a snug and choice collection of books which he had got around him. We renewed our friendship, and, at parting, he told me that he had a notion soon to take a peep once more at the great menagerie in which the most dangerous of all animals is to be seen without the precautionary measures of cages and muzzles ; and that I might perhaps ere long see him on the pavé of our metropolis. It accordingly gave me less surprise than pleasure, when, one afternoon, towards the close of a stormy day in 183—, as I was sitting alone in my lodgings, the sturdy form of Tom presented itself, and the cordial shake of his hand assured me that he was in full vigor, and, as in days of yore, “up to a'most anything.” It was in vain, for that evening, that the theatres presented their most tempting bills of fare. We had enough to say to occupy us at home. The fire was replenished ; a pipe was paraded for Tom's use—he said it ought to be a corn cob—a small assortment of “natives” was ordered in, and in “rapt talk” the hours flew by ; and it was not until the “small hours” had begun to be upon the increase, that we separated.

Tom was always a bit of an oddity, and his residence in the “new countries” had given a raciness to his style of thought and conversation, that was irresistible. For the rest, he was somewhat disposed to be discursive in his talk, or, as he called it, to “branch out ;” and if you wanted him to pursue a subject, it was necessary frequently to bring him back to the track, while a vein of sentiment, of which you would hardly suspect him to be possessed, occasionally shewed itself on the surface ; but of this, and of himself, perhaps, the best idea may be had from the following *report* of a part of our “communings high” on this the first night of our re-union.

In a paper which lay on the table, I had chanced upon the following paragraph, and read it aloud :—

“On the 10th inst., Messrs. B. & S., of Rockingham, Iowa Territory, with their celebrated pointers Miss Clifton and Ellen Tree, killed upwards of eighty grouse in less than eight hours.—(*Iowa paper.*)”

Ben.—Well now, think of that ! What most surprises me in this scrap of intelligence is—not that these same Messrs. B. & S., whoever they may be, should with the aid of these two actresses have bagged any number of grouse—but that the exploit should be recorded in an Iowa newspaper. Why, when I was at your house, just after the termination of the Black Hawk war—a better speculation, by the way, that “war” turned out, than the scuffle

with Sam Jones in Florida—it was quite as likely that I should see a theatre built in Connecticut, or a church in Key West, as a newspaper published in Iowa; which same Territory, I take for granted, lies somewhere West of you, for—*horresco referens*—I must confess, of its precise whereabouts I have but a vague sort of an idea.

Tom.—Why you may remember hearing, at the time you speak of, that our Commissioners at Rock Island contrived to diddle Black Hawk and his tribe out of six million acres of land, lying West of the Mississippi, and North of the State of Missouri—we call the transaction, of course, a *treaty*. This tract forms the nucleus of the Territory of Iowa, which seven years ago—not the permanent residence of a single white family—now has its “Suns,” its “Heralds,” and its “Patriots.”

Ben.—And we may reasonably conclude, eh! people to read them, and perhaps—to pay for them—who are no doubt looking far beyond the borders of their Territory for that “Far West” of which we hear so much, but which is like never to be reached. But about these same grouse—I was so short a time at your house, and had so many thousand things to talk about, that I did not get as much information about them, and the rest of the game which appeared so to abound about you, as I wished.

Tom.—Ah! could I have persuaded you to tarry long enough to try some of the sport I would have shewn you, I don't believe you would ever have been willing to come away. The truth is, I believe you were afraid such might have been the result, and that this was one reason why you hurried off. But I give you warning, if you mount me on my hobby, I don't know where it may carry me. I have often read with astonishment—I cannot say my feelings have partaken either of approbation or envy, *haud equidem in video miror magis*—of the battues of divers noble sportsmen in England, who have marched through their well stocked preserves, and knocked down game (what a misnomer) by the cart load. Why! I would as lieve invade a farmer's barn-yard, and pursue my sport among his turkeys and chickens! Fancy a parcel of well dressed, nicely gaitered gentlemen, tramping across trim meadows, climbing styles, and demolishing by the gross a parcel of lazy hand-fed birds, as big and as clumsy as a barn-door *chucky*, or venturing into the snugly trimmed thickets after pheasants—

Ben.—No bird, by the way, with as much plumage as the English pheasant, can be rapid in its flight.

Tom.—While running ahead is a well trained—what?—think you.

Ben.—Why, pointer, of course.

Tom.—No such thing; a trained boy, who, as a bird rises, either signs its death warrant, or gives grace, as he sings out, cock! or hen! This may be all very excellent sport, where no better is to be had,

“But a chosen band in a *prairie* land,
Or a hunt in the woods for me.”

Ben.—But there is some sport, nevertheless, in the sea-girt isle,

that must be worth seeing—a grouse hunt, for instance, in the Highlands—or a day's deer stalking with Mr. Scrope. I must shew you his book to-morrow—of course you have not met with it. There you can

“know

The varied pleasures wealth can shew.”

Tom.—I shall be glad to see it. It is but seldom you find a book written by a gentleman, a practical sportsman, and a man of sense and education; such I take it, from the extracts I have seen from his book, is Mr. Scrope. Not the least agreeable part of my errand, while in these parts, will be the adding of some choice books of this kind to my little library. But after all, give me the preserves which Nature has kept to herself, needing no other protection for their tenants than the vast solitudes which she has interposed between them and the arch destroyer. Here, upon lawns as even as art ever smoothed into a gentleman's park, and as vast, to all appearance, as the ocean, have I many a time and oft pursued my sport, enjoying it none the less that I was alone in the wilderness. It may be that I am unsocial, or peculiar; but I must confess that much as I have enjoyed the exhilaration and amicable rivalry of a friend's society—

Ben.—Gramercy for the courtesy! thankful for the smallest favors!

Tom.—Yet my pleasantest recollections are of days passed alone, save only the mute, but not unintellectual companionship of my dog. Many is the conversation I have had with him, in the intervals of exertion, reclined upon some grassy slope, or in some bosky dell, with no human being within many miles; and great has been the satisfaction—fain would I hope—not a little has been the profit, I have derived from these silent talks. What care we, Cato!—I have caught myself saying—for the suspension of specie payments, or the pressure in the money market? The wag of his tail, and the knowing look of his mild clear eye, say plainly as dog can speak—not a sixpence. What is it to us, who is in, or who is out, in the scramble of politics?—Not a sous—no my master, as long as you stick to your farm, and neither dabble in stocks, nor seek to *better your fortune* by merchandize, the troubles in the money market will not affect you. So long as you neither seek office from Mr. Van Buren, nor promotion at the hands of Mr. Clay, you need never trouble yourself about politics.

Ben.—There's a sensible dog!—many a Christian might talk a week, and never say anything so much to the purpose. But, Tom, are we not getting up into what Lord Ellenboro' calls the high sentimental latitudes? Come, now for the grouse.

Tom.—The grouse! by Jove I had forgot. Well then, these noble birds early in September, or even so soon as late in August, who have whooped and strutted and trumpeted the live-long Spring and Summer, the undisturbed possessors of the prairies, are now leading about their broods some three-quarters grown, and they are at no time in finer condition for broiling, the most delicate of Spring chickens yielding to them in flavor; and, at the same time,

their behaviour in the field is far more satisfactory and accommodating than at any other period of their lives. They now, when once they have scattered, stick to their concealment in the long grass, till you kick them up with your foot; and the amount you can then bag, need be limited by nothing but your forbearance or your industry. Nor did I ever trouble my head because some old gentlewoman may have said, that "'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"

——— to kill
So many of these our harmless birds,
For they have done no ill.

Let the gnostics preach about its being "not sportsmanlike, and unhandsome," to knock down more birds than you can consume. I'll make out, when I can, my twenty brace notwithstanding; and I have never yet seen grouse at such a discount, at this season of the year, but what all that could be killed could be consumed, and if haply I should a little overstock the market, there is no fear of thinning off the tribe, for their name is legion, and the farmers will not grieve when they reflect, that there will at any rate be by so much the fewer depredators on their cornfields next Autumn and Winter, when it may truly be said that they are *fruges consumere nati*. Moreover, we must make the most of them now, for in six weeks they will change their character and habits so entirely, that by no ingenuity can we possibly get near enough for a shot, and the devils, though they now tumble over on the reception of two or three No. 8 shot, will then carry off as much lead as a Galena steamboat. It is astonishing how difficult the full grown birds are to kill; I have known them, when riddled with No. 4 shot, to fly off entirely out of sight, and leave you bending forward your neck,

With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive lent,

in hopes, that as you have knocked off feathers enough, as it would seem, to fill a bolster, that straight and rapid flight must soon falter; but no, on goes the bird in a "bee line," till his figure "melts into thin air," and you gather yourself up, draw a long breath, and, if you are a man of cool temperament, quietly reload.

Ben.—Well, under these circumstances, when I had become entirely satisfied that the animal was *oph*, I do fear me I should blaspheme, and consign, as the quaker said, its visual organs to perdition.

Tom.—What, for not being more easily killed! Well, I have my doubts, *entre nous*, if, under such circumstances, a grouse *ever* does stop. I was coming in one day from the quarry lot, with my rifle—it is a big bore, running 50 to the pound—when, espying a cock grouse at about sixty yards distance, I sent after him, as parson Maffit would say, the leaden messenger of death. He rose, and made off with a strong and rapid flight; but greatly to my surprise, at some 200 yards distance he gave in, forming the solitary exception within my experience, to the rule upon which the above theory is based. On coming up to him, I found that the

ball had struck just behind the wing, and had literally carried away the under part of the body !

Ben.—"Decidit exanimis, vitamque reliquit in astris!" Why they must have as many lives as a cat !

Tom.—The tenacity of life in some birds, as compared with others, is among the most curious features in their physiology. While the structure of some—the woodcock, for instance—seems scarcely capable of resisting a shot in any part of their bodies, there are others, again, which seem as impregnable as if, like Achilles, they had been dipped in the Styx. Among the earliest of my griefs, in those times, you remember, when one of old Tikelbaum's holidays used to give us a chance to slip off into the woods, I may count the impunity and clamor with which the highholders and kingfishers used to make off, after I had spent perhaps a quarter of an hour in crawling upon them, and had discharged into them, or at any rate, at them, the contents of the old fowling-piece which had accompanied my father more than once to India, and which, notwithstanding the low esteem in which you and some two or three other chaps used to affect to hold it, did, in the long run, as much execution as any of your pieces of greater pretension.

Ben.—Pray can you decide the question, whether the prairie hen of Illinois is identical with the grouse of New Jersey and Long Island ?

Tom.—I am inclined to believe that they are not the same bird. I never saw the grouse of New Jersey ; they had become too scarce, you know, before our day, and in our hunts in the pines we used to get more huckle-berries, and fun, than grouse ; and even if I had seen them, perhaps I might not be able to decide the question, for it is a point about which doctors do disagree most amazingly. There was old Henderson—you saw him I think—whom I caught down in the pines, and who says he has killed grouse there ; he swears that the prairie hen is the real Simon Pure ; but again there is Dick Gardener, who has had an equal chance of knowing, when he was at my house gave his judgment entirely the other way, and pointed out some minute points of difference. In the museum upon the corner of Ann Street, I once saw specimens of the two birds, side by side, and it did appear to me that the grouse of New Jersey was a slenderer and smaller bird than his Western cousin. I don't find that any of the ornithologists have decided the question.

Ben.—Well, be that as it may, they need fear no comparison with any members of the family, East or West,—cooked I mean, of course, the way that Dutch boy of yours used to serve them up—by the way, what has become of that chap ?

Tom.—Ah ! as parson Mumbler used to say of his wife—he was too good for me, Sir. Steamboats, and higher wages, tell the story. The fact is, what with these steamboats and high wages on one hand, and high notions on the other, I expect we shall soon have to bear our parts in the farce of every man his own cook. An officer who was passing through our village—he told me the story—was enquiring as to the prospect of getting his boots blacked.

Why, said the landlord, I rather think the *gentleman* who commonly blacks the boots has not come along yet this morning!

Ben.—Well, you know

When Adam delfed, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

Tom.—Yes, but that was while the tastes and habits of that venerable couple retained their primitive simplicity. I'll warrant after the old lady had got a step beyond the fig leaves, she had her sempstresses. And I'll never believe but what Adam made his great lazy sons relieve him from the labor of the spade; and that, I take it, was the first step towards employing serv—help—I mean.

Ben.—*C'est vrai*; but *revenons à nos moutons*. What do you think, or rather—for it comes to the same thing—what is your practice in the field, in a matter much disputed among sportsmen, some of whom recommend you, by way of keeping cool, never to cock your gun until you see your bird, and even go sometimes so far as to say you should count ten before bringing your gun to your shoulder?

Tom.—Why, my dear fellow, I think that this is emphatically an age of humbug. Humbug is the order of the day; like the plagues of Egypt, it comes up into our bed chambers, and we are not to hope that it will spare our sports. The man who does not keep cool, will certainly not kill many birds; but how the operation of cocking his gun—done, as it inevitably must be, in a hurry, while the bird is increasing in the ratio geometrical progression his distance—will assist in steadying his nerves, I confess I am doubtful. My own practice has always been, *quantum valeat*, to cock my gun as soon as I enter the field; and the mere doing so, impresses upon me a feeling of caution which I am satisfied makes me a safer companion than I should be otherwise. The slow and easy system may do very well in such sporting as we were speaking of a while ago; but where birds fly as fast as our quails, or dodge as quick as a Fall woodcock in a thicket, I shall adhere to my own plan. The less you give yourself to do, before firing, the better. In fact, I have known several locks ruined by the convulsive energy with which, on an emergency, they have been cocked.

Ben.—But are not hasty shots apt occasionally to cut their birds to pieces, when they are thus always “cocked and primed?”

Tom.—Doubtless they do. The most singular instance of the kind I ever witnessed, was once while I was snipe shooting with an old friend, Harry Braddish. He was always hasty, and upon this occasion a bird got up between us—out of shot for me—and flew directly towards him. The bird rose in the air just before he reached Harry, and flew directly over his head, at a distance of not more than ten feet—while at this distance he fired. I was looking directly at him, and positively the bird vanished as if by necromancy—a few feathers floated about in the air, but no vestige of the bird save a single wing could we find. The load of shot, going with the compactness of a musket ball, had utterly demolished him!

Ben.—*Secessit crasso in ære.*

Tom.—True ; but where a man mangles one bird in this manner, he will save a dozen, which, upon the slow and easy system, would otherwise have got off peppered like Falstaff's ragamuffins, to die "a cadger pownies death by some dike side." In my experience, it has always been the quick shots who have got the most birds, provided they do not get flustered. The best shot I ever made—and I considered it such, from my being so unprepared at the time—was from my wagon. I was driving into town at a brisk pace of some eight miles an hour, when from a little pool in the prairie a teal got up. I handed the lines to the lad who was by my side—stopping the horses was, of course, out of the question—cocked my gun, which was lying beside me, pitched it up, and brought down the little fellow with a broken pinion.

Ben.—A good, or at any rate, a lucky shot. What think you of the comparative difficulty of crack shooting with the rifle, as compared with the fowling-piece,—I mean on the wing of course ?

Tom.—Why, judging from the greater number of good shots with the rifle that you meet with, I am inclined to think—what a little reflection would teach at any rate—that it is far more difficult to perform well with the fowling-piece, it requires such a combination of almost opposite qualities. Imperturbable coolness, great rapidity of action, extreme accuracy of eye and judgment, are so seldom united in the same individual, that you but rarely find a man really dangerous at all times with that weapon ; but with the rifle, you can generally take your time : your game is standing. When I first went to that country, nothing astonished the natives more than to see me bring down birds upon the wing ; for they had been in the habit of considering game in motion, as safe as if they were at the antipodes. Perfection, however, such as is sometimes shewn with the rifle at target shooting, is utterly unattainable, unless nature has bestowed iron nerves and piercing vision. A man may shoot well in the woods (I have known some quite nervous men very successful), who would make no show at target shooting.

Ben.—A shrewd trick, that was played off by a celebrated rifle shot, was told me in St. Louis. He would occasionally, when in the woods with a companion, offer to bet that he could shoot two balls into the same hole. He would then designate an object upon some large tree at a suitable distance, and fire a ball into it ; then re-loading, he would point his gun in the same direction, taking care, however, to *miss the tree* entirely. Upon going up to the *mark*, as but one ball hole could be seen, and as it of course was thought impossible that so celebrated a shot could have missed the tree entirely, the matter was generally yielded. The trick was blown at last, by some one whose bump of credulity happened to be smaller, or his bump of inquisitiveness larger than usual, who had witnessed the feat more than once, and who quietly went and cut into the spot, where finding but one ball, the thing was explained.

Tom.—Well, I used to hear a great deal, before I went to the West, of the marvellous dexterity of the backwoodsmen with the

rifle, but have seen much less of it than I expected. I have seen better shooting at targets around this city, than can be easily shewn at the West, and at much greater distances. The truth is about this, almost every body in the West—I mean of the natives, or course—shoots tolerably well; but hardly any body takes the trouble to become perfect: as Dr. Johnson said of learning in Scotland, every one has a few mouthfulls—hardly any a full meal. And then the ridiculously small bores you see! I have often seen a hunter carrying through the woods an immense, heavy gun, which, when you came to examine it, ran perhaps a hundred and fifty or sixty to the pound. Now there is no manner of use in such small balls, except to shoot squirrels. It is positively wicked to fire them at deer. This animal—so tenacious of life that it is but seldom a ball of forty or fifty to the pound will bring it down in its tracks—will go off for miles with one of these little trifling pellets in it, and bestow the venison that should of right belong to you, upon the prairie wolves and eagles.

Ben.—It strikes me—for I have had no opportunity of trying it—that Colt's patent rifle must be a prodigious improvement upon the efficiency of this weapon, especially for the purposes of war. I have fancied what an advantage the use of it would have given the early settlers of Kentucky in their fights with the Indians. How confoundedly one of the red skins, who had taken to a tree, and had succeeded, as he supposed, in drawing his antagonist's load, would have been astonished as he rushed out, secure—*oh cæca anima mortalium*—to receive the contents of a second, or if necessary, a third, or fourth barrel of the mysterious engine. Egad! it seems like realizing the idea of the young Connecticut militiaman, who warned his mother, as she lay sprawling from the recoil of his seven times loaded musket, to look out, for there were six more to come!

Tom.—Yes, it is a wonderful invention. I stopped to look at some of them as I came up here; but inasmuch as it is impossible to use patching on the balls, I doubt its accuracy where great nicety is required; nevertheless, I shall take one back with me.—(Here the entry of a fresh supply of the natives, and trimmings, put Tom's jaws to a more agreeable exercise, and interrupted for a while the flow of talk.)—Ah, Ben! as Tom Moore says, "I do confess with many a sigh," that this is a vegetable (as Pat said of the turkey) which does not grow, the more's the pity, on the prairies. The time will come—but that's nothing to us of this generation—when the railroads will whisk out oysters and *sich*, and return grouse, venison, and bear meat; but as the matter stands now—I give it up; in this one thing you have the advantage of us.

Ben.—Well, come now, that's something; you do allow that in one thing we have the advantage! I tell you what it is, Tom, when I was out your way, I saw a plenty—lots—of fine country, handsome, fertile, picturesque—filling up too, rapidly—growing like a mushroom—fine rivers, clever towns, and all that; but so infamously was I jarred and shaken—to say nothing of being occasionally most horribly scared, on your steamboats; so abomi-

nably was I jolted in stages, and crowded in hotels; so much infamous cooking did I swallow, and so many democrats did I sleep with, and in such dirty beds, that—you quoted the lexicographer just now, you remember his bon mot about the scenery of Scotland—I could not help thinking the most agreeable prospect I saw, was the national road, by which I returned to Baltimore and civilization.

Tom.—*Chacun à son gout.* If every one thought as I do, there would be no room for me on the prairies. I don't doubt there has been many a heart broken in this same West—many a poor devil has gone out for wool, and come back shorn—but for all that, if more people were of my mind, there would be fewer anxious faces in Wall Street, and fewer pavement polishers in Broadway. But, by Jupiter, I must be moving. I did want to talk about a certain bear-hunt, I once took, under the auspices of an original in our neighborhood,—but sufficient for the day. To-morrow you must indoctrinate me into the curiosities.

Ben.—Aye, I'll go the rounds with you; we'll push our researches among the fine arts. It shall go hard, but you shall confess that a fortnight can be as pleasantly spent here, as in the prairies. Good night! H.

PRICE OF STALLIONS—PRIAM, TRANBY, ETC.

BEING A REPLY TO "CAPTAIN."

MR. EDITOR: Your November number contains a communication, over the signature of "Captain," some portions of which deserve notice. I avail myself of the first leisure moment I have had since the reception of that number, to examine some of the views and positions of your correspondent.

The price of Stallions in this country, has often been the theme of remarks in your Register, and elsewhere; remarks erroneous in themselves, and often *gratuitously* ill-natured towards the owners of stallions. "Several of your correspondents have animadverted (and 'Captain' adds, 'very properly, too,') upon the high prices demanded for the services of Stallions; and recommended the adoption of the English system, of limiting our horses to a moderate number of mares." Your correspondent goes on to speak about "tried and untried Stallions;" and says, "we shall soon see that untried Stallions are not advertised at the same rates with tried Stallions; and that those whose superiority is established will only cover at the highest prices, and then will be limited." And, as I understand, for all this the English system is quoted as an example and authority.

Now I apprehend that the English system proves but little of what "Captain" wishes to establish by it. The first position is that "tried Stallions only, those whose superiority is established, will cover at the highest prices." Let us see whether this is true in England.

In 1839, there were eight Stallions covering at 25 guineas, or higher—to wit: Emilius, at 50 gs.,=\$250; Touchstone, 30 gs.,=\$150; Bay Middleton, 30 gs.,=\$150; Plenipo, 25 gs.,=\$125; Physician, 30 gs.; Camel, 25 gs.; Langar, 25 gs.; and Velocipede, 25 gs. Of these eight, Bay Middleton, Touchstone, and Plenipo, were untried, and covered as high as any tried horses in the kingdom except Emilius, and higher than any except five tried ones.

Again; we find Glaucus, Elis, and Rockingham, untried, covering at 20 gs.; and only six tried ones, to wit—Sir Hercules, Defence, Jerry, Reveller, Mulatto, and Pantaloon, covering at that price. Priam also covered at 30 gs., when in England, though he was untried; and one year covered higher, I think, than his sire Emilius, a first-rate tried horse.

I might present further statistics on this point, but it cannot be necessary. The result of this investigation shows that in England the price does not turn solely on the question of tried or untried; neither can it, nor ought it, to be made the sole test of a Stallion's merit here. Other considerations must come into the calculation; such as blood, form, the running qualities of his family, and others which I shall not particularly advert to at present; but I must not overlook his own performances on the Turf—and these form a large item in the calculation. If a horse has been a very superior performer on the Turf, other things being equal, it is but fair to infer that he will get better racing stock than a horse who performed moderately well on the Turf, and whose get are performing moderately well. Priam, for his great performances, untried, was patronised at 30 gs., while few of the tried Stallions reached half that price. Bay Middleton, and Touchstone, also untried, cover at 30 guineas; and no tried horse, except Emilius, exceeds that price, and but one other reaches it.

As to limiting our Stallions to a moderate number of mares, I agree that it would be wrong to overtask a horse. In England, some horses are limited to 50—to 40—to 30—to 25 mares; besides their owner's, *which are often numerous*;—while others have no restriction. I believe Emilius, covering at 50 guineas, and raised to that price by the great performances of his get, to wit—Priam, Plenipo, Oxygen, Mango, Euclid, and other first-raters—has no limit. But it should be borne in mind, that our season, in fact, is longer than the season in England. Such is the wish to have early foals there, for their system of racing, that the main business of the season is over in two or three months, while here it lasts six or seven months. A horse here can as well serve eighty or a hundred mares in the season, as he can forty or fifty mares in England.

Your correspondents who have thought proper to animadvert on the extravagant prices of Stallions, take but a one-sided view of the matter, and do not reach the root of the disease. In England, the season is *cash*; here, it is anything but cash. In the advertisement of Bay Middleton, notice is given that the season must be paid before the mares are taken away, and if not paid before a specified day, the mare is to be sold at auction to defray the expenses of her

visit to the horse!! Last night I looked over the statement of the seasons of a good horse, in 1836—1837; which looked pretty well at first, but only about one fourth has been collected by the keeper, and half of that not paid over; about half of the amount is uncollected, but in good debts, and nearly one fourth considered doubtful or bad! Yet this is the system established in this country—a system bearing heavily on the paying portion of the breeders, as well as on the owners of Stallions. If this branch of the system could be reformed, and a cash business done, I have no doubt that it would be a most beneficial change, and the owners of Stallions could lower their rates at once, and limit their horses to a reasonable number of mares.

Breeders should consider how far their own negligence and want of punctuality present obstacles to the consummation of this reform, and whether, in fact, the existence of the present deplorable system is not more justly chargeable to them than to any one else. As long as breeders shall consider debts contracted with the keeper of a Stallion, as debts of the least binding obligation, and to be postponed to all other debts, and discharged only when perfectly convenient, they must expect that the keeper of the horse will add to the proper price of his services, a sum sufficient to compensate him in some degree for the delay and uncertainty of his collections. Better would it be for all parties, for this system to be broken up. Let breeders pay promptly, and they can command the services of Stallions for a less price; and those being excluded who do not pay at all, the services of the horse would be confined to a moderate number of mares, and the benefits shared among his PAYING patrons.

"Captain" says something about Priam's limited number, which I dare say he had as well let alone. Priam's owners would have enough to do if they felt obliged to notice all the idle or malicious rumors which are thrown into circulation about that noble horse. The suggestions of interest, the detractions of envy, the inventions of disappointed malice, and the fancies of mere idleness, have been showered upon him, since his importation, with unceasing and unrelenting fury. His health (and no horse is in better health than he is), the performances of his get in England, (and do not the racing records of that country furnish illustrious monuments of his extraordinary excellence as a Stallion, in the performances of Miss Letty, winner of the Oaks, Industry, winner of the Oaks, Troilus, Cartoon, Joannina, Crucifix, and a host of others? to say nothing of Monarch, and The Queen, here), his management, and in short everything connected with him, have in various ways been made the objects of attack and slander. That Priam was limited, is true. It is also true that his limit was expressly made known in his advertisements. But I am authorised to say that it is not true that he exceeded his limit. It seems rather beneath the military dignity of your correspondent, to make grave charges against a highly respectable and honorable gentleman, on the doubtful authority of an anonymous writer who professes to hail from "that neighborhood,"—or rather to give such charges a circulation by endorsing them, and more particularly when he admits that "no censure from

his patrons" had appeared. I should have wanted no higher evidence than that, that all was right.

What "Captain" says about the get of Zinganee, will stand the test of scrutiny as well as any thing in his communication. Zinganee's get in England show *great stoutness, and train on*. Calmuck, 6 yrs. old, won the Gorhambury Stakes, 83 subscribers, this year; and it may not be out of the way to add that Mervan, 5 yrs. old, by imported Shakspeare, ran second. I doubt if the get of any of the imported horses have given such repeated and incontestible evidences of bottom, unless Margrave's have done so. Zinganee and Margrave have left behind them in England, a stock not equalled perhaps by that of any horse, in their contests for Queen's Plates, and other prizes requiring the exhibition of bottom.

I should join in the regret expressed by your correspondent in relation to the 3 yr. old performances of the get of Tranby and Chateau Margaux, if I considered this a fair trial. But as regards Tranby, it certainly is not. He hardly had a good tried mare his first season, and of course no chance to get good runners. The performances of his get in England, and indeed of Velocipede, Voltaire, Physician, and all the Blacklock horses, justify high expectations of him. I would here remark that the famous Charles XII. is very nearly allied to Tranby. Charles is by Voltaire, son of Blacklock, dam by Prime Minister, out of Tranby's dam. Tranby is by Blacklock. This blood will yet show itself.

J.

THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

SIR: A sportsman, and passionately fond of dogs, I have long looked upon the common murderous treatment of Distemper, one of the most fatal diseases to which the animal is liable, with great regret. If we consult our sporting friends on the subject, they can all furnish us with an infallible cure for it; but which is almost certain to fail in our hands. If we look into the books, we are hardly better off; for they only furnish us with a bundle of recipes, without any principle to guide us in their selection or application.

I have thought, therefore, if I would point out some *principle* to guide us in the treatment of this disease, I would at once serve the poor animal that contributes so much to our pleasures, and the sportsman at a distance from veterinary aid. Even if it should prove, as I fear it must, very defective, still it may serve a useful purpose. I may be "both tedious and brief," but I will not trespass long on your readers' patience.

We are apt to look upon the Distemper as something peculiar in character, and hence has arisen the multiplicity of remedies for it; for whenever a dog has recovered *after* taking any particular remedy, we at once set it down as an infallible cure, never reflecting that it does not necessarily follow that it was *because* he took it

that he recovered. We start wrong, and every step of our progress may be further from the object of our pursuit.

As to the epidemic, or contagious character of the disease, nothing need be said, as it has nothing to do with its proper treatment. Nor need I say anything of vaccination as a preventative, as *I* never have been able to produce a perfectly distinct and regular pustule. Of as little use would it be to divide it into the different stages of which it really is susceptible of division; for the manageable period is the first stage, and it is of this one I now write.

That I may be intelligible, I would premise: that the same membrane that lines the nostrils, is continued down the windpipe, through all its ramifications through the lungs,—that this membrane is in absolute contact with the lungs,—and that the state of the heart will depend in a great degree on the state of the respiration. Keeping, then, these facts in view, let us see what dissections expose. Inflammation and suppuration of the windpipe, lungs, and heart; the liver frequently distended with vitiated bile, and the spinal marrow sometimes inflamed. The two latter, however, are *accidental*, not *essential* lesions; for we find them only when the disease has terminated the life of the animal, after a long time and much suffering, and they are only *occasionally* present. The disease, then, is essentially *inflammation of the lining membrane of the nostrils and windpipe*. It is true, as I have stated, that the lungs themselves are found extensively diseased; but this is a mere mechanical extension of the disease, from their lying in contact with the membrane. The heart, too, is frequently found involved in the destruction; but this is owing to the obstruction of the circulation through the lungs. So with the liver and spinal marrow. When all of these organs become involved in the progress of the disease, it is idle to talk of any remedy.

Now, if I be correct in these views of the disease, there cannot possibly be any dispute as to the appropriate treatment; and this may be stated in a single sentence:—Bleeding, according to the age and previous state of the dog; an emetic of Turpeth Mineral, followed up by a gentle purgative; low diet, and confinement to a dry, warm house. This treatment will, in nine cases out of ten, at once arrest the disease. At all events, it offers a fairer chance than the cures of ignorant dog breeders.

I am very sensible that in studying to be concise, I may perhaps be obscure; but I am unwilling to trespass further on your pages. I may resume the subject, pointing out the value of the different remedies, and *why* they are valuable. This, however, will depend on you and your readers.

A SPORTSMAN.

TURF REGISTER.

Addition to the Stock of WILLIAM GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, N. J.

JEMIMA WILKINSON, ch. m., foaled in 1827; got by Sir Archy, out of Molly Andrews by Imp. Dick Andrews, granddam by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. dam* by Imp. Clockfast, g. g. g. dam by Baylor's Imp. Fearnought, g. g. g. g. dam by Lee's Old Mark Anthony, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Shock—Imp. Sober John, &c. See Am. Turf Register, vol. vi. p. 628, and vol. viii. p. 290. See also Sportsman's Herald and Stud Book, p. 129.

In the sixth volume of the Turf Register, page 628, Jemima Wilkinson is recorded as foaled in 1828, and she was bought of the estate of the late Jacob Dixon, with a certificate to the same effect; but it is presumed that this was a clerical error, as she uniformly ran a year older, and was therefore foaled in 1827.

Her Produce.

1836. Ch. f. *Magpie*, by Mons. Tonson.

[Mr. Gibbons.]

1837. B. f. by Imp. Tranby [sold].

1838. B. f. by Mazeppa [sold].

1839. Ch. f. *Palmetto*, by Imp. Priam.

[Mr. Gibbons.]

Stinted to Emancipation.

WM. GIBBONS.

Madison, N. J. Dec. 10, 1839.

* We have recently conversed with ALLAN J. DAVIS, Esq., late of North Carolina. He knew the Clockfast mare well, she having been bred near him. She was the dam of Collier Harrison's famous horse Brutus, by Dare Devil, and by many considered his best son. He ran four mile heats at Newmarket the Spring he came four years old, in the best time then ever made on that course; he died young. A grey filly from the same Clockfast mare, by Saltram, was the dam of North Star by Jack Andrews, who, in the name of Mr. John Minge, won the great stake, two mile heats, at Broad Rock, Fall of 1811; he went amiss in the Spring, but afterwards won the Jockey Club purse at Washington, the same week that Defiance beat Tuckahoe—this last being in Mr. Minge's stable.

Blood Stock of DAVID D. SCHAMP, Esq., of Hunterdon County, N. J.

No. 1. TUCKAHOE MARE, foaled in 1826; she was got by Gen. Ridgley's Tuckahoe, her dam the Grand Seigneur Mare bred by Col. David Schamp in 1809, and got by the Arabian Grand Seigneur that was presented by the Grand Seigneur of Arabia to his late Majesty

the King of Great Britain, and was brought to the Province of Nova Scotia by his son the Duke of Kent, who sold him to his friend Col. Campbell, of Windsor, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Hazard & Thompson, by whom he was imported into the City of New York on the 4th October, 1804. The Grand Seigneur Mare was out of a Paragon Mare by Gen. Hampton's Paragon, who was by Imp. Flimnap, out of Young Camilla by Col. Lewis Burwell's Traveller, grandam Old Camilla, who was by old Fearnought, out of Col. Bird's Imp. Calista. Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista; her dam Mr. Daniel Hunt's Figure mare, by Imp. Figure; her dam Miss Slamerkin by Delaney's Imp. Wildair, out of his imported Cub mare. The Paragon mare was purchased by my father Col. David Schamp, at the sale of Mr. Daniel Hunt's personal estate, in Sept., 1806. She is a full sister to Jane Hunt, owned by Mr. Harris, of Kentucky. The Paragon mare was the dam of Mr. Bond's running horse Lurcher, Maria Slamerkin, Hornet, Heart of Oak, Grand Seigneur, and others; grandam to Mr. Morris' Sir Charles, Silk Stockings, Lady Relief, &c. The Tuckahoe mare is a chesnut.

Her Produce.

1830. Missed to John Richards.

1831. Missed to Sir Hal.

1833. Ch. f. by Shepherd Boy.

1834. Missed to Dashall.

1835. March 27. Ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot. [Sold to Joseph H. Vanmater.]

1836. April 11. Ch. c. *Dayton*, by Tormentor. [Sold to Joseph H. Vanmater.]

1837. May 30. Ch. c. by Messenger.

1839. March 29. Ch. c. *Hunterdon*, by Monmouth Eclipse.

Now stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

No. 2. MARKSMAN MARE, a chesnut, by Marksman (he by Gabriel Oscar, who was by the noted running horse Oscar,) out of Nettletop by Duroc, her dam Mr. Badger's Nettletop (the dam of Sir Walter) by Imp. Diomed. Gabriel Oscar was out of Spiletta (a full sister to the noted running mare Roxana) by the noted running horse Sir Solomon; gran-

dam Aurora by Imp. Honest John; g. g. dam Zelipha by Imp. Messenger; g. g. g. dam Dido by Old Bay Richmond; g. g. g. dam Miss Slamerkin by Delaney's Imp. Wildair, out of his Imp. Cub mare. Marksman mare's dam was by Mr. Bond's noted running horse First Consul, called the Consul mare; her dam the Grand Seigneur mare, the dam of No. 1.

Her Produce.

1835. Missed to Flying Childers.

1838. May 17. Ch. f. by Trenton.

1839. Stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

No. 3. SHEPHERD'S BEAUTY, ch. m., by Shepherd Boy, out of No. 1. Shepherd Boy's dam was by Mr. Bond's First Consul, out of the Grand Seigneur mare (the dam of No. 1). Shepherd Boy was by Tallyho (he by Gen. Ridgley's Tuckahoe), dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam by Shark, g. g. dam Dido by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. g. dam by Old Fearnaught, he by Regulus, he by Godolphin Arabian.

1839. Stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.

DAVID D. SCHAMP.

Hunterdon County, N.J., Dec. 15, 1839.

Blood Stock of R. C. HILLIARD, Esq., of Black Jack Grove, Ala.

No. 1. BELLONA, b. m., 5 ft. 1½ inch. high; she was got by Warbler, her dam by Imp. Strap, grandam by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. dam by Old Bell-air, g. g. g. dam by Duadnought, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnaught, g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Monkey. The above was extracted from the MS. of Gen. William Broadnax, of Virginia, her former owner, and needs no comment.

Bellona was stinted last Spring to Imp. Priam, and I think is in foal.

No. 2. HYDRANGER, b. c., 2 yrs. old, 5 feet ¾ inch high, and very strong; he was got by Imp. Felt, out of No. 1.

R. C. HILLIARD.

Hilliardston, Ala., Nov. 25, 1839.

Pedigree of NITOCRIS, the property of Gen Gillam.

NITOCRIS is a beautiful bay mare, about 15 hands high, and was foaled the Spring of 1828. She was got by the distinguished race horse Claiborne's Carolinian, her dam by Enterprise (he by Ball's Florizel, out of Timoleon's dam,) grandam by Young Shark (he by Imp. Shark), g. g. dam by Imp. Janus, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnaught, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, g. g. g.

g. g. dam by Imp. Mark Anthony, g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Monkey.

On examination it will appear that the above mare partakes of the very best stock in our country.

COPY OF CERTIFICATES

Now in my possession.

"I certify that the above pedigree of Nitocris is just and true.

(Signed) HENRY MACLIN."

"I certify that I am intimately acquainted with Mr. Henry Maclin, and know him to be incapable of certifying to anything but what is substantially correct. Given under my hand the 16th Dec., 1836.

(Signed) THOS. GIBBON,
Brunswick Co., Va."

Her Produce.

1838. April. Br. c. by Imp. Hedgford.

1839. 19th April. B. f. Mad. Arraline, by Imp. Emancipation.

Now stinted to Pennoyer.

M. R. SMITH.

Hamburg, Nov. 25, 1839.

Continuation of the Stud of W. R. & M. R. SMITH, of Hamburg.

No. 1. MARY FRANCES. See vol. viii. p. 45 Am. Turf Register.

Her Produce.

1837. 2d April. Br. f. Mary Hedgford, by Imp. Hedgford.

1838. 22d April. Br. c. by Imp. Hedgford.

1839. 3d May. B. f. by Imp. Emancipation. Stinted to Pennoyer.

No. 2. MARTHA GRIFFIN. See Am. Turf Register, vol. viii. p. 45.

Her Produce.

1837. 2d May. Ch. f. Martha Rowton, by Imp. Rowton.

No. 3. MISS NEWBERRY. See T. R. vol. viii. p. 45.

Her Produce.

1838. 19th. Feb. Br. c. Birmingham, by Imp. Hedgford.

1839. 8th May. Ch. f. by Boots [dead]. Now stinted to Boots.

No. 4. CASTIANIRA. See T. R., vol. viii. p. 45.

Her Produce.

1837. 22d Feb. B. c. Little Slick, by Expectation.

1838. 12th May. Br. f. Betsey Hogan, by Imp. Hedgford.

1839. 3d May. B. f. by Boots. Now stinted to Boots.

M. R. SMITH.

Hamburg, Nov. 25, 1839.